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A NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in an early number of HARPER'S WEEKLY a new Serial Tale by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., of which we have purchased the advance proof-sheets from the author. This Tale will be continued through the WEEKLY till it is completed.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS's new Serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

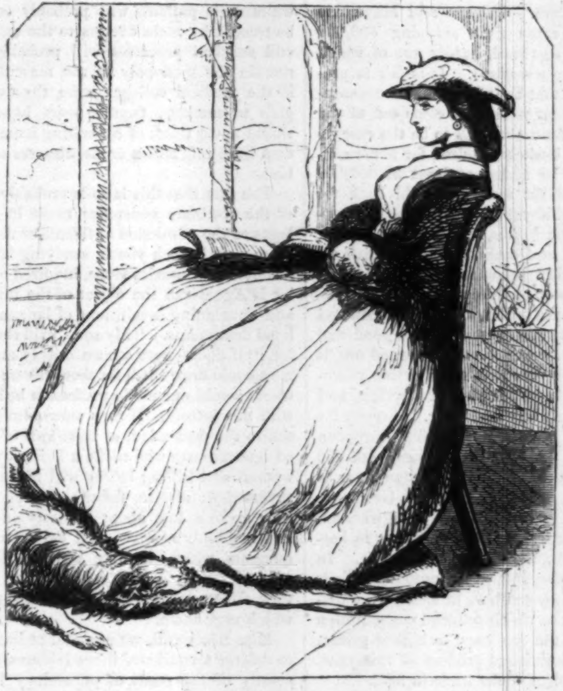
For several months past we have printed from EIGHTY to NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated Newspaper in the country.

For terms, etc., see Advertisement.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDEE.

(AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.)

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY MILLAIS.



No, Edith, I have got *no* briefs—I want no briefs at all,
I want to know that you're come back, and safe at Shirley Hall;
And till I get a note from you, announcing that return,
I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Sugden, Hayes, or Fearne.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"
I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar;
And I'm to work while you're away?—a likely thing, indeed!
Yes, I'm in one Assizes case—the one in *Adam Bede*.

You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please,
A fellow's work's all bosh unless a fellow's mind's at ease;
And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use, I fear,
While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over here.

Don't, Edith, write about myself, I want to hear of you,
And what you're doing day by day, and also how you do;
And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like and shan't)
Is still acting like a friend, or only like an aunt;

And takes you, Edith, every where, and shows you what's to see,
And in society performs what's due to you—and me;
Nor, while her own long girls are push'd wherever she can get,
Permits you to be talk'd to by the billiard-playing set.

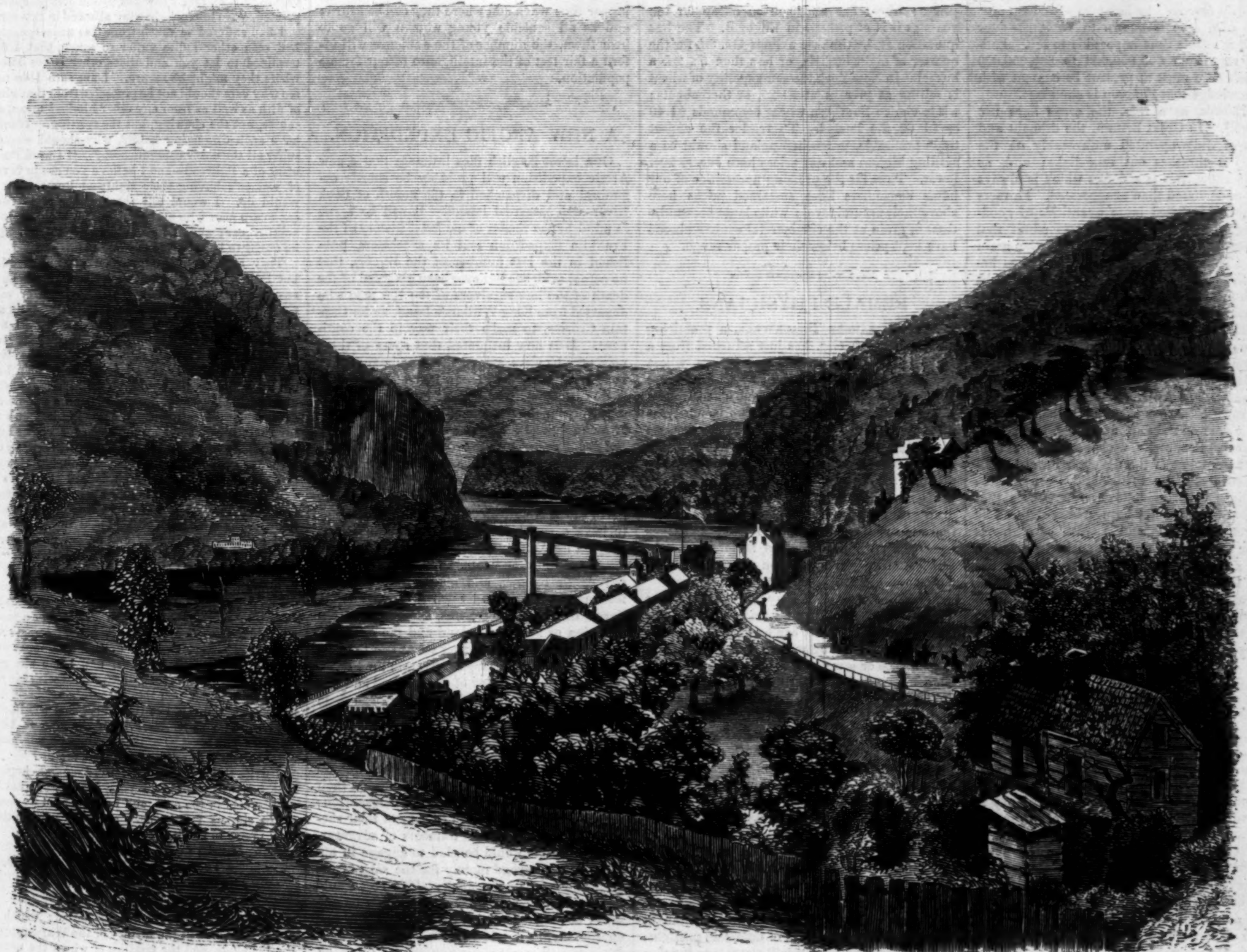
And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes,
And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd her Roman nose),
Inform me if those vicious innuendoes she contrives,
And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's wives.

Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint
(There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint)
That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought to know,"
That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think I'm slow;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind,
Makes it, at picnics, an excuse for leaving you behind;
And drawls, that cold old lip of hers maliciously upcurl'd,
"Of course, engaged Miss Ediths do not care about the world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun
To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;
So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to stay,
When She—and every body else—are off and far away.

I wander in our Gardens when the dusk makes all things dim,
The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care for him;



GENERAL VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY, SHOWING THE BRIDGE, ARMORY, ADJACENT HILLS, ETC.—[SEE PAGE 712.]

And Paper Buildings, Edith, in a sketch by fancy drawn,
Grows an old baronial mansion, with the grass-plat for its lawn:

The Thames, its lake; myself, its Lord (his income, lucky chance,
Exactly fifty thousand pounds, paid yearly in advance);
Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is conjur'd up,
And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in—to sup.

Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard your ship
Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound, by Grip;
And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends
Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her friends.
S. B.

Queen's Bar Ride, Temple.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 5, 1859.

THE TRADE IN FOOD.

OCTOBER is ended, and all over the world farmers are summing up the results of the crops. The whole truth will hardly be ascertained for a fortnight to come. In many districts the wheat-growers refuse to tell—perhaps do not know themselves—how Providence has dealt with them; while the actual yield of corn can seldom be computed before a few sharp frosts. But enough is known to enable persons of experience to form a pretty shrewd guess as to the cereal product of the year 1859.

Enough is known to enable us to correct the estimates which were formed a month since. It is now pretty generally admitted that the wheat crop, though large, is not so universally abundant as was at one time believed. Virginia is said to have harvested the largest crop on record. The great Genesee Valley has done well. Tennessee and Kentucky, Southern Illinois, Southern Ohio, Southern Indiana, Southern Iowa, most of Michigan, and nearly all Missouri, have gathered in more wheat than usual. But in Northern Illinois, many parts of Ohio and Indiana, Northern Iowa, and large sections in the Southern States, the wheat crop is below an average. Allowing for this deficiency, we imagine that, instead of 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, which was the prevailing estimate in September, the total crop will not probably exceed 175,000,000 bushels. Nearly all this, however, is excellent in quality. The famous white Tennessee and the Chicago grain are said to be as heavy as was ever known. Judging from the samples of milling which have come to market, this year's work will retrieve the reputation of American flour, which was grievously damaged by last year's product.

The corn crop is known to be large—how large it is at this time impossible to say. Estimates vary from 600,000,000 to 800,000,000 bushels. We must at present be content with the knowledge that the crop is abundant.

In Europe, as a rule, the crops have not done well. In Great Britain, the drought and storms of July operated unfavorably on the wheat. It thrashes out very light; and, as farmers know, this is a defect which is always rather understated than exaggerated. Farmers who have harvested large quantities of good-looking wheat are always slow to admit that the straw is unduly weighty and the grain light. Thus far, wherever threshing has begun, this has proved to be the case; and the British farmers admit that the crop is considerably below an average. In France, the agricultural authorities have ascertained that there is a marked deficiency in the yield of wheat; they estimate it at 20 per cent. as compared with last year. In Spain, the crop is known to be short. In Austria, owing to the war and other causes, there is a large deficiency. The same is true of Belgium and Italy. With regard to these countries, we have no information as to the amount of the deficit. From Southern Russia and the Principalities our advices are vague; it is stated, however, at Odessa, that the yield of wheat has been greatly reduced by the droughts of July and August. Nothing is known with regard to the crop in Egypt. In Prussia and the Baltic countries wheat is believed to have done well.

To appreciate the importance of these waifs and estrays of intelligence it must be borne in mind that Spain, Austria, Italy, and Belgium usually produce, on the average, about enough wheat for home consumption, and no more; while the Baltic countries, France, and Southern Russia have among them an average surplus of forty to fifty million bushels. In England, the consumption of wheat exceeds the production by 50,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels annually.

The reader is now in a position to estimate the consequence of the reported deficiency in this year's crop in Europe. If the current reports are true, France and Belgium, which were large exporters of flour last year, have not enough this year for their own consumption—for they did not export last year over 10 per cent. of their crop, and the deficiency this year is set down at 20 per cent.; Southern Russia, which exports from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels annually, has much less to spare; grain will be needed by Spain, Italy, and Austria; England will need at least 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels; and to supply all these deficiencies the only European countries which can be relied upon are Prussia and its Baltic neighbors, which would be sadly embarrassed to furnish 20,000,000 bushels over and above their home consumption.

Turning to the United States, and assuming, as above, that our wheat crop this year is 175,000,000 bushels, we find that of this at least 130,000,000 bushels are required for home consumption. We may be said to have commenced the current agricultural year, on 1st September last, in a state of absolute starvation. The crop of 1858, short as it was, yielded grain so poor in quality that most of the flour was unfit for human food. During the past year the people of the United States have been consuming the remains of the crops of 1857 and 1856; these, with what could be eaten of the crop of 1858, have so barely sufficed for our home consumption that the country was probably never so bare of flour as it was on 1st September last. This is proved by the eagerness with which the new supplies are seized by the country millers. Chicago and Milwaukie have been for some time shipping 800,000 bushels weekly eastward, hardly any of which gets as far as the sea-board. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the whole home consumption of the current year must come out of the crop of 1859. Assuming this to be the case, to the 130,000,000 bushels required for home consumption must be added at least 30,000,000 bushels reserved for seed and held back for high prices; and about 10,000,000 bushels supplied to the West Indies, the British colonies, South America, and other countries which we feed. This would leave only 5,000,000 bushels available for export to Europe.

If the European nations always consumed the same quantity of wheaten flour in good and bad times, and however the crops turned out, it would be safe to predict a very active movement in food this winter and next spring, and famine prices for wheat and flour. Happily for consumers, the premises fail; the European consumption of wheaten flour varies with the price of the article. When wheaten flour is cheap, poor men in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain feed their families on wheaten bread; when it rises, they fall back on rye, barley, Indian corn, and other substitutes. In many localities they reduce the amount of their consumption; they eat less, in short. To discover the extent to which reduced consumption may counteract the tendency to higher prices, caused by the diminished product of this year, is the great problem of the trade in food.

There is this to be said in favor of higher prices; wheat has not been so cheap for ten years as it is at present in England. The last quotation at the time we write is 41*s.* 3*d.* for the quarter of eight bushels, or less than 5*s.* 2*d.* a bushel. In New York the same quality of wheat is selling at present at $1 25, or thereabouts; while choice Southern wheat commands $1 40 @ $1 60 the bushel. To render the export trade profitable, prices in England should be a shilling higher, and our prices here 10c. @ 20c. lower. Thus far the pressing necessities of our home consumers have sustained prices here above their natural level; while large accumulations of grain at the commercial centres abroad have kept prices below their proper range.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, a practicing physician of this city, has just returned from a tour through Great Britain and France, where she has been warmly received by Miss Florence Nightingale and other great and good women living in Europe. Miss Blackwell's observations abroad have confirmed her in her purpose of continuing the fight she has so nobly waged against stupid prejudice and ignorance; she proposes not only to continue the practice of her profession, but so to labor as, if possible, to draw into the ranks other ladies of good education and social standing, until female physicians become a recognized and an honored class in this country. Every person of right feeling and sound judgment will wish her well.

Whatever objections may be urged against the theories known by the name of "Women's rights doctrines," there can be none against the study of medicine by women. Every woman, to be a wife or a mother, requires some knowledge of medicine. Until she possesses such knowledge, her existence is miserable, and, in many cases, the life of her children is in jeopardy. No mother can keep a doctor always at her elbow, to tell her when, how, and in what proportions to administer medicine, promote perspiration, secure ventilation, regulate diet, direct exercise, or superintend the general hygiene of her family. These matters are usually learned by our women by experience—often at the cost of the lives of one or more of their children. It is not likely that so stupid a system will long prevail in so enlightened an age as the one in which we live. The day can not be distant when young women will all be taught the elementary principles of domestic medicine at finishing schools; we will venture to say that the first great school which introduces this novelty in the place of some of the rubbish now taught to girls at fashionable academies will achieve a very remarkable success.

The moment we begin to introduce common sense into our system of female education, female physicians will follow as a necessary consequence. Once let plain reason have its way, and the rest can not be hindered. If women of thirty, mothers of three or four children, require some knowledge of medicine to do their duty knowingly in their homes, there is no excuse for not teaching such women such knowledge when it can be learned without risk of human life; and once admit that girls ought to learn something of the medical science, who shall set a limit to their studies, and where?

Every man and woman of extended experience and ordinary intelligence must have noticed the extraordinary aptitude which sensible women display for the medical science. Very few doctors are as safe guides in the illnesses of infants as experienced mothers and nurses. In diseases of women the advantage possessed by a female doctor over a bearded professor are at once obvious. We risk little in saying that, while male patients will probably continue to be treated by male doctors to the end of time, and surgical processes will probably likewise remain the monopoly of the masculine hand, if the medical colleges were thrown open to girls to-morrow, twenty years hence women would never think of consulting a man for their own little infirmities or the diseases of their babies.

The fact that this is so is probably the secret of the obstinate resistance made in many colleges to the admission of female students. An ingenuous French youth, studying law at Paris a couple of centuries since, inquired of Chancellor D'Aguesseau the object of the interminable and unmeaning involutions of language used in legal documents. "My son," said the Chancellor, "if deeds were drawn simply and plainly, men could draw them for themselves; and then, where would our noble profession be?" Just so with the doctors. If they once admit the other sex to the profession, at least half of the scented ignoramuses who make a living by flattering women and killing babies will find themselves superseded; and so, for the sake of their fees, they make a fuss about modesty and delicacy and maidenly reserve—and deluge us with arguments which, if they were candid, would only prove the grossness—as, being dishonest, they illustrate the meanness—of the minds which urge them.

Miss Blackwell, we are glad to hear, is going to deliver a course of three lectures on the necessity of the study of physiology by women. We shall take pleasure in announcing at the proper time when and where they can be heard; and as all sensible young women will go to hear them, the number of the audience will afford a fair test of the intelligence of our female population.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Our latest English files intimate that a new Arctic expedition will probably be shortly organized and dispatched to the mouth of Back River and Montreal Island. It will be borne in mind by the reader of our brief history of the Franklin Expedition and its successors, published in the last number of the *Weekly*, that no actual evidence has ever been obtained of the death of the last survivors of the 105 men who departed from King William's Land, under Captain Crozier, to make their way to the continent. It is now intimated that some of these men may be alive among the Esquimaux at or near Montreal Island; and it is argued that it is due to humanity to make one more voyage expressly for the purpose of ascertaining whether or no this be the case.

Recent experience proves that an Arctic expedition need not involve any actual expenditure of life. To undertake an Arctic voyage, even among the "congeries" of islands lying north of the American continent, it is necessary to have a small screw steamer, well-built and adapted for Arctic voyages, amply provided with every appliance and supply requisite for life in the Arctic regions, and manned by thirty to forty men—not more. Such a craft, it is believed, could, in two seasons, effect such an exploration of Montreal Island and the outlet of Back River as would forever set at rest the possibility of there being any survivors of the Franklin Expedition. If any of the hundred and five still live, such an expedition would rescue them from an ignoble death among the Esquimaux. If they are all dead, it would set at rest harrowing doubts which still distress their families.

These are the arguments upon the strength of which influential Englishmen are urging their Government to fit out one more last expedition; we should not be surprised to hear of their success. There are always numbers of adventurous spirits who would be glad to engage in another Arctic voyage merely for the sake of the peril and *éclat* of the affair. The cost would not be great. And, after all, though common sense is opposed to more sacrifice of life and energy in the Arctic *cul-de-sac*, the spirit of the age will not permit any one to fence off a part of the globe and close it to the daring tread of the audacious sons of Japheth.

THE LOUNGER.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW OF PEI-HO.

An American merchant, who has resided for fifteen years in China, has written a pamphlet which sums up the Chinese question in a very sensible and satisfactory manner. The work is only printed, not published, and is designed to have some practical effect in London, where it is issued. The writer warns Englishmen against suffering themselves to be led by the *Times*, and gives the following simple statement of the whole matter:

The English Government, he says, has always ignored the dignity and importance of the Chinese Government—treating the whole nation as a crowd of savages with whom no treaty was to be honestly made or decently enforced. The consequence has been the fomenting of a rebellion which has long raged in China, and of whose history and progress no outsider is very fully informed. The arms of the English have succeeded in humiliating the mandarins, in destroying the prestige of all internal government, and in annihilating the only authority with which a treaty was possible. When, therefore, the English send an embassy to conduct negotiations they have only themselves to thank if the rebels, not respecting or fearing the Government with which the English seek to treat, but whose prestige they have destroyed, suddenly turn upon the English themselves, and blow them out of existence. To make it the pretext of another war is only to aggravate the old difficulty.

In this condition of things the writer urges an alliance between England and Russia; insisting that, if it be not effected, the Chinese will seek and obtain it, in which case a long and extensive and unmanageable war will ensue. If England, however, succeeds in a Russian alliance, she can gain a hearing at Pekin and settle the consequences of her own mistake by negotiation, permanently establishing the bases of commerce between the nations.

This is the substance of a very lucid and intelligent view taken by a gentleman who probably knows as much of the state of opinion and of affairs in China as any foreigner can. For several years of his residence he was the head of the chief American house in the country; and the clear, calm common-sense of his considerations heartily commend them to the sober attention of John Bull, and of all his cousin Jonathans who are interested in a very grave question.

NO TOBACCO-CHEWING HERE!

Dear Mr. Lounger,—I hasten to inform you that as I lately stepped into a car of the New Jersey Central Railroad—one of the pleasantest roads in the neighborhood of New York—I saw the finger of my Aunt Jerusha, with whom I had the happiness of traveling, pointed to a notice at the end of the car. My eyes followed the direction of her finger (which is all rough at the end with needle-pricks), and I saw the words conspicuously printed, "No tobacco-chewing allowed in this car."

I had suffered so much from this nuisance, and had seen other ladies suffer so much, that I determined to let you and those other ladies know where they might be secure. I am sure I do not see why cars should not be protected from that kind of filth as well as from any other kind—I mean, of course, not the chewing, but the spitting. If men have such disgusting habits, why should women suffer all the nasty consequences? If I were President of a Railroad—and I believe you are in favor of women's having their rights—I know what I would do. I would tell the conductors to turn out every man who made puddles on the floor into another car; and if he wouldn't go, I'd tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

They have a smoking-car on most railroads; but I'd a great deal rather have a man smoke a sweet, fragrant cigar* in the same room or carriage with me than squirt the detestable liquid all over the floor. Why, Mr. Lounger, it was not three weeks since I was sitting on one of the Staten Island ferry-boats, and saw a woman in a nice silk dress (it was Sunday, and I *know* the woman had not *many* silk dresses) quietly seat herself opposite me, and the bottom of her skirt lay in a puddle of sp*t, soaking it all up! I know it's horrible to say such things, and to write them for young and pure minds to read. But what is it, then, to do them? Pooh! Mr. Lounger, I suppose there's many a man who will read this and think it's a very disagreeable thing to talk about a lady's dress draggling in such a mess, who wouldn't hesitate to make the mess itself! I appeal to him—I appeal to every honest man and decent man to say whether we are well treated in this matter?

If a man chews, and will only choose to keep it to himself, it is bad enough for him, but other people do not suffer. When he chews, and chooses to expectorate all about him, then he becomes a most unmitigated nuisance. Suppose a girl and her lover were sitting together upon a steamboat excursion, as so often happens, and when she got home she found her dress all saturated with his tobacco juice, don't you think it might strike in?—the feeling, I mean, not the other—and would she not treat him as he deserved if she said to him, "Either you must give up chewing, or you must chew to yourself, or you must give me up?"

I write this letter to you, Mr. Lounger, hoping that you will print it in your paper, and that it will be sold in the cars, and perhaps read by some of the sinners I have been speaking of. Won't they please to think about this matter?

Aunt Jerusha says Amen.

Yours respectfully, Peggy.

THE VIRGINIANS.

Thackeray has finished his novel; which is another chapter in the history of the Warringtons, the Esmonds, and the families of whom the novelist is the historian. The work has its ardent admirers who prefer it to any thing he has written; not pretending to find in it the peculiar sting of "Vanity Fair," but enjoying the cheerful, exquisitely elaborated detail of description. As a picture of the times it is masterly. If there be less fulfillment of what may have been his original intention of describing two brothers drawing their swords upon opposite sides in our Revolution, yet there is so much the fuller filling in of the lights and shades of a society with which his sympathies and studies have made him familiar. Every thing is in harmony. The plot moves like the progress of a family story. It is purely domestic, but of that quaint, remote, picturesque quaintness, which belongs to the last century. You feel as if you had strayed into some old English country house, and loitering a week away, had found in an odd closet the manuscript memoirs of the family, over which you pore through the still, warm days. You have time to learn each one of them by heart; to compare, to criticise, to sympathise, to wonder, and to find yourself, at last, hanging with a pensive interest upon the progress of events, while the figures bloom, develop, and decay before your eyes, while young men become old men, and under the varied aspect of events you hear the low, slow, sure beat of Time's unresting pendulum.

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* Hear, hear!—*Lounger*.

The charm of the "Virginians" is in the delineation of character and the fidelity of the still-life painting. The story is elaborated with a Dutch faithfulness—you see the very rouge on Lady Maria's face—the very powder on the Baroness Bernstein's hair. There is the same mingling of motives, the same inconsistencies of character, which are the characteristics of human nature, and which no author so heroically dares to depict as Thackeray does. Lord Castlewood, for instance, is a figure executed with consummate skill. His utter selfishness, his cold-heartedness readily rising into crime, the perfect propriety of his manner, and serene self-possession; his entire unscrupulousness and polite confession of his villainy as the most natural thing in the world, reproduce to the least lineament a kind of Englishman which every reader of the history and memoirs of the time will readily recall.

Hetty's quiet little tragedy; Sir George Warrington's secret sadness, as time pushes him forward; Madam Warrington's unbending pride—are touched and hinted with a simplicity, a felicity, and total want of melodrama or sermonizing, which reveal the perfection of art. In fact among all living novelists Thackeray is unapproached as a master of literary art. It is in that that he is Shakespearian. And as art is founded upon eternal and immutable laws, whoever has artistic power has already one element of immortality.

So lifelike is this story that, after following the fortunes of the characters, month by month, for two years, the reader reluctantly closes the book and turns away. He sits, still holding it, and thinking of the men and women whose motives and characters have been unvailed to him. He sits, still holding it, and thanking the kind, wise, humane genius which, while it delights, instructs, and if it holds the mirror up to nature does not hold it with a sneer, but a sigh.

PARTIES.

NOT tea-parties, nor dinner-parties, nor parties in flowered waistcoats, but political parties. Are they not inevitable in all constitutional governments? If you meddle with politics at all, must you not, of course, act with one or the other great party? Is not the effort to be what is called "independent" simply an effort to sit on the fence? Does not experience prove it in our history?

In every intelligent constitutional country there must necessarily be two great policies—one, upon the whole, conservative or stationary; the other, upon the whole, progressive. Each of these is represented by a party. Now a man may not think that every measure of the first is really a conservative measure, nor that each one of the last is progressive; but must not his influence, upon the whole, go with one or the other, or be lost?

"There's a great deal to be said upon both sides," says somebody; and somebody has always said so upon all questions; and somebody has, therefore, always fallen between two stools. Let us see if there be.

Is there any thing to be said in favor of squandering the public money?

"No," replies somebody; "but then there is the very question, what *is* squandering the public money?"

Well, but there is such a thing?

"Undoubtedly."

And you think you see when it is squandered?

"Yes."

And you wish to help it?

"Yes."

Well, it is squandered either by one party or by the other?

"Yes."

Then you act with the party that seems to you not to squander—do you not?

"Yes, unless both do it."

Very well; if both do it, then they are so far equal; and you turn to other points—do you not?—and act according to your approval?

"Yes."

And these points are determined by some central idea?

"Yes."

Well?

"Well, that is what I call independence—to act against any measure of any party that seems to me unjust or impolitic."

True; but if, upon the whole, the course and aims of one party command your sympathy, although you may differ about certain details, do you not see that, if you are an honest man and act politically as you believe, you must necessarily be allied with that party? Nobody but a crazy demagogue talks or thinks of "going the party up to the hub," or of "voting for the d—l if he be the candidate of the party;" and the only possible honest "independence" of a citizen in this country is his independent choice of the party which, upon the whole, seems to him to be most sagaciously fulfilling the great intentions of the government, and of all government.

Edmund Burke was as wise as usual when he spoke of the necessity of parties, and the indispensability of parties, in constitutional governments. To shilly-shally is not to walk along the golden mean. To cry "Good Lord! good Devil!" is not to be heroic. To sit upon the fence is not necessarily to be superior to the combatants. A man tossed in a blanket, or hung upon a gallows, is higher than other people, if that is all you want. Wherever politics reach vital and radical principles, a man's real position is determined, beyond his will, by his sympathy upon one side or the other. If he says he is "independent," meaning indifferent, he is either a man who can not see—in which case he is unfortunate; or he is a man who does not choose to say what he sees—in which case he is—making a great mistake.

A WORD IN TIME.

IF any body wishes to know where to go next summer, let him hear a word in time, and go to the Valley of Wyoming. There is no place in the country of more poetic association, none that is approached with more of the feeling with which we approach famous spots in other countries—famous not only for their intrinsic loveliness, but for a personal, human history. Campbell wrote a poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming;" and Halleck and plenty of our own poets have sung its charms. Mr. Sparrowgrass sang a private pæan to the Lounger about it; and yet, when it burst—or rather opened and glided—upon the Lounger's eye, he did not feel that Sparrowgrass was wrong in declaring that Wyoming is a good place to go to.

It is a valley of the Susquehanna—a stretch of intervale land three miles wide and twenty one or two long, shut in by hill ranges which are a mingling of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. The Lackawanna and the Susquehanna unite at the upper end of the valley, and the lovely stream flows serenely on, past many a busy little village, undermined by galleries of coal—past broad, green, luxuriant meadows—past the foot of wooded hills full of game—past the mouths of mountain streams full of trout—past the sober, ancient borough of Wilkesbarre, with its stately Court-house, like the Stadthuys of a Flanders town—past other little villages dozing upon the Arcadian shore, until it leaves the valley behind, and flows broad and grand through great Pennsylvania to the sea, but never laving lovelier fields nor reflecting a more exquisite landscape than in the Valley of Wyoming.

All that is said of the Valley is true. All that you expect of it will be fulfilled. If you go to Easton, and on to Mauch Chunk, then up the river and through the Valley of Wyoming, still up and through the Lackawanna Valley to Scranton, and then by the stupendous Lackawanna Railroad down the mountains to the Delaware Valley, and through the Delaware Water Gap, you will have taken one of the most agreeable and easy trips that any man in need of a little journey could possibly perform. The descent of the Pokano Mountain, from which you overlook a magnificent stretch of country, walled by the Blue Ridge, perpendicularly cleft by the river, is one of the most imposing passages of railway travel in the land.

If you are a wise man you will stop at Scranton, where you will find an admirable hotel; and in that impromptu little town, dedicated by Yankee industry and genius to coal, iron, and wealth, you will see the largest steam-engine in the country, and a rolling-mill for railroad iron which would have suggested a new hell to Dante, and which no one who has seen it by night will ever forget. Scranton is in the same county with Wilkesbarre; and there is the same kind of rivalry between them that there is between St. Louis and Chicago. Scranton is the Chicago—pert, bustling, successful, roaring and puffing by night and day; Wilkesbarre is the St. Louis—sedate old borough, the respectable county town, a little vexed by the superior activity of its parvenu neighbor, and jealous of its traditional position in the county, which the audacious little neighbor openly disputes.

They are in the northeast corner of Pennsylvania. The Valley of Wyoming is one of the most picturesque, Scranton one of the most characteristic, of American "localities." You will not be sorry if you choose to bestow a few fine days upon them next summer.

CHANGED.

I MEET her often on the village walk;
She passes proudly with a formal bow,
And never with a love-smile greets me now,
And never tarries for a moment's talk.

And in the church on sunny Sabbath days
I hear her dear voice in the sacred song;
And surely Heaven will forgive the wrong—
I worship only her who sings His praise.

I glow and tremble like an autumn leaf;
And sometimes, when my timorous heart permits,
I cast my eyes where she superbly sits—
Only to cast them down again in deepest grief.

For never now as in the sweet past time
Is my devotion met with a reward—
Those eyes that once met mine in true accord
Look lovingly in other eyes than mine.

Yet when I think of the great happiness
With which she filled my life in loving *then*,
Although that love is taken back again
I can not blame her; I can only bless.

Then may our dear God her good guardian be!
May coming days no tearful mem'ries stir!
But may all days alike bring peace to her
Who, in this change, hath left no peace for me!

CECIL YORKE.

PARTY SPIRIT.

WE have recently had some rather forcible exhibitions of the fury of party spirit.

We did *not* say in California—although the performance of the two United States Senators there is something which honest men of all parties will agree to condemn. At the rate we are now going in New York, we shall soon reach a political condition in which Paris would be preferable. It is not that there are bruisers and bullies in New York, there are such every where; nor that they assault peaceful citizens—they do so every where. It is not that some men cheat, and perjure themselves, and fight away other men from the polls—corresponding things are done every where.

These are not the dangerous signs. But the danger lies in the fact that these things are approved by those who are not bullies.

That is the ugly fact. Intelligent, amiable, well-behaved gentlemen are perfectly aware that such things are done, and are going to be done, in the interest of their party, whatever that may be, and they allow it. These gentlemen subscribe money to oil the party machinery, and they do not even respect themselves, and their fellow-citizens, who politically differ from them, nor the honor of their country, nor the character of popular institutions, enough to insist that they will not pay without the direct assurance that there shall be an end of these drunken, bruising, bloody scenes.

These are, therefore, the gentlemen who are directly responsible for the disgraces of our political annals; for the brain, not the fist, is the dangerous weapon. The leaders of any party which is distinguished for every conceivable corruption of morals and manners are the men who are held responsible by the mind and conscience of the country. There is scarcely ever a political row which is not contemplated. Sometimes, but not often, it is impromptu.

If the political corruption which prevails in the city of New York were universal our system would be already a ridiculous failure. Any man who pretends to believe in our democratic principle—who denies, for instance, the rights of a minority—who does not try to ascertain what the people really want, but who foists upon them what he chooses, is the meanest of despots.

The American rooster splits its sides with crowing its Yankee doodle doo over kings and potentates. Why, there isn't a king in Europe, not even Francis the Fifth, late Duke of Modena, who would not be ashamed of doing what New York politicians do all the time, with a smile of perfect surprise that you shouldn't think all fair in politics.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

THE Lounger again begs his many correspondents to remember how limited the space is in which he can reply to them, especially when it is an opinion upon some MS. or work. "*Roswytha*," of St. Louis, must have learned patience long since, or have entirely despaired of the Lounger's keeping his word. There are many others to whom it would be the pleasure of any Lounger to say more than the word to which this one is necessarily restricted, and whose letters he would gladly print in full. But we must all remember that the demand upon the columns of a paper which means to be the illustrated history of the time is so incessant and ravenous, that to get half a column for the Lounger's Letter-Box is a victory. There are really clever poems which find their way into that box, but not out again; and whose non-appearance is no criticism of their value, but only of the room in the paper. Sooner or later every body who writes to the Lounger will have some kind of word from him.

—A MOTHER, who was "brought up" near St. James's Park in London, suggests that one of the greatest delights of children in such a place is the mug of fresh, foaming milk from cows that graze upon the green, and which are an ornament of "the beautiful glades." She hopes the Central Park Commissioners may take a hint.

—A YOUNG FARMER. Miss Warner is still living and has a new work in press. Since the "Hills of the Shatemuc" she has published a religious book of some kind. ——It is certainly very difficult to say why, if a woman may be the Governor of a country, she may not vote for a Governor.

—ONE OF YOUR ADMIRING READERS. It is hard to combat a prejudice. If you really want to go through the necessary toil of studying at the Female Medical School, you will do only what a great many noble women have done. What do you think Florence Nightingale's opinion would be?

—HOWAR YU. It is certainly awkward to say that "his declination" was accepted, and it is not strictly grammatical. But use has justified it, although it has not made it elegant; as in the case of the word "indorse" as applied to character. Nothing can be more vulgar than the phrase, "I'll indorse him;" but it is very common, and can plead the statute of limitations against hypercritical grammar.

—JUSTITIA protests against the fate of little Ella in a story called "Ephraim Denver's Ward," published in the *Weekly* some time since, upon the ground that when she was turned out of doors she was entitled at least to "her thirds." Will the author take notice?

—NELLIE. "Castles in the Air" is a very sweet little poem. But don't take it hardly if you hear that several sweeter ones have been written upon the same theme. The lines are musical, the idea is good; but it is not quite poetry. You asked, you know.

—N. O. The policy of the late Derby Cabinet was neutrality with Austrian proclivities.

—Q. Z. The back numbers of the *Weekly* are to be had for five cents a number and postage.

—F. T. H. The verse is not simple enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BASE-BALL.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your paper of October 15 you say that you "doubt very much whether base-ball be a popular game at all in the interior, or in any part of the country except in a few great cities."

Now, Sir, even you are mistaken. For twenty years (which is as long as I can remember about it) base-ball has been a "popular game" wherever I have lived; and from careful inquiry, and knowledge obtained by personal observation, I can assure you the game is a popular one in nearly all the villages and among the rural districts of Western New York. Who that has attended country "raisings" does not know this, and dwell with a pleasant remembrance on the game of ball that was sure to follow after the building or frame was raised?

But not only in the region named is base-ball popular as a game, but in parts of Ohio, in Northern Indiana, and in Michigan, I am assured it is played a great deal.

Though among us we have not regularly organized clubs, yet it is by no means difficult to find enough who are desirous of engaging in so healthful and agreeable an exercise of a pleasant summer evening.

If you were here you could see playing earnest and well enjoyed, if not so scientific as that of your city clubs. It is *the* game at our district schools during intermission hours, and often engaged in by youths of both sexes. "I know whereof I affirm."

Truly, F. H. GUIWITS.

AVOCA, STEUBEN COUNTY, N.Y., *Oct.*, 1859.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

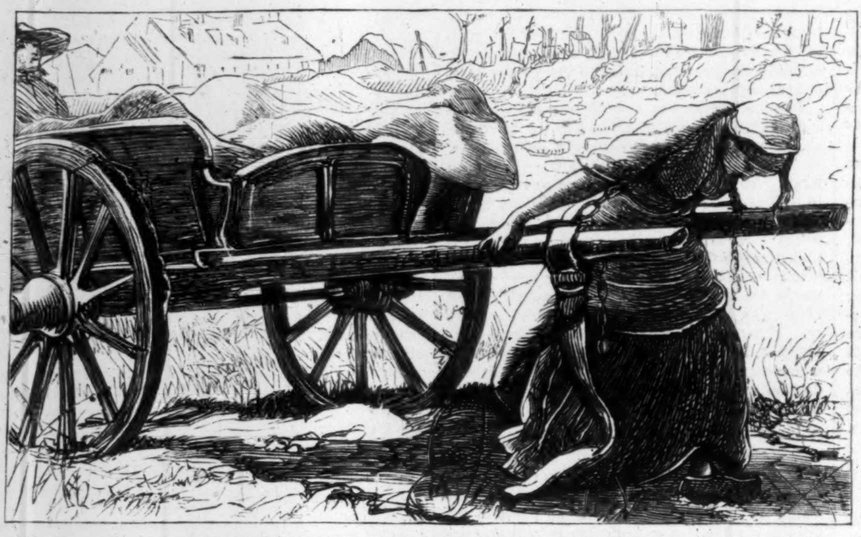
No. IV.

SUNDAY IN JONES'S WOOD.

JONES'S WOODS are not Elysian fields. Romance and poetry dwell not therein. Tranquil delights have there no abiding place. Of sheltering shades, and balmy breezes, and languishing lawns, and other rural comforts which woodland and grove are popularly supposed to afford, there are limited supplies. Of bustle and tussle, and broil and hurly-burly, there are profusion and variety. You would perhaps expect nothing else in a place with such a name. Jones does not awaken hopeful expectations. There is nothing about Jones to appeal to your tender imaginations any more than about Smith, or Brown, or Robinson. Jones's Woods is simply a business-like title, meritorious in brevity, and exceeding apt in application; for Jones's Woods, especially on Sundays, is about the most business-like place you have visited.

It is the business of pleasure that prevails—the labor of entertainment, the hard work of enjoyment. Of a Sunday morning you will find there hundreds upon hundreds of straggling wanderers, toiling earnestly to experience amusement; laying themselves out with unflinching determination to acquire gratification at all hazards; often pervaded with firmest convictions that their purpose is in course of accomplishment, and that only a few more struggles are needed to perch them upon a tolerably lofty elevation of bliss. To help them to this end practical philanthropists, who have discovered that among a certain class of the community no luxury can equal that of wild and aimless waste of money, have provided manifold means. Not an avenue but is flanked with booths and stalls, in which capital to any amount may be sunk to rise no more. Not a path but is thickly planted with traps for the absorption of unwary coin. There are numberless "shooting galleries," not unlike those of the beer gardens, in which men give their minds with grave intensity to the discharge of penny pop-guns. There are little tents, beyond all calculation, in which pictorial shows are displayed, and wooden figures put through courses of mechanism. There are gymnastic appliances, upon which sportive young men and women are invited to swing and hop, to tumble and see-saw, to wriggle on parallel bars, and to skim the air on edges of big wheels, revolving in somersaults and otherwise. There are wooden horses for timid infants to career upon, and live donkeys for the indulgence of more courageous youth. There are bowling alleys and billiard halls ever resounding with crash and click. Not least, if last recorded, there are countless and inexhaustible supplies of cheap refreshments, which never fail to find a ready market. As you pass, you are exhorted to pause and partake. "Sandwiches, Sir, sandwiches—very nice ones!" cries a salesman, anxious for your welfare; but sandwiches do not recommend themselves to your appetite, and you proceed. "Cakes, Sir, cakes—pies, pies, Sir—confectionery?" cries, inquiringly, another disinterested dispenser of unsubstantial food; but you are also unmoved to test the quality of his stock. Others direct their appeals not so much to individuals as to the public at large. "Lobsters here," says a purple-faced woman, behind a fish-stand; "lobsters here, all ready for any gentleman with fine big red claws;" but no such extraordinarily gifted gentleman appears, and no sales are effected. Oysters, however, appear to find greater public favor, and the sizzle of fries and roasts salutes the ear, while steaming stews perfume the atmosphere.

It is possible that, somewhere in these sketches, allusion may have been made to Beer—that feeble hints of the fascination exercised by that fluid over the German soul may have been ventured upon—that intimations of the passionate and reckless abandonment of all other considerations in favor of that of beer, which characterizes the German spirit, may have been put forth. Even if so, revived allusions, hints, and intimations become necessary when Jones's Woods are the subject of discourse. Here beer reigns with supremest power. It drowns all other thoughts. Its flow is constant and unrestrained. Ever-gurgling spigots emit their steady streams. Tankards are tossed aloft with ceaseless energy. Beside the river which sweeps by the "Woods" staid Germans stroll, with mugs in hand, and gaze with calm contempt upon the inferior element that rolls below. They turn away, and with rapt countenances, and eyes half closed with quiet ecstasy, still sip and sip with smiles of saturated joy, as if in meditative dreams reflecting on a Paradise where cheese-and-sausage-bearing



"THEIR MOTHER 'TWIXT THE SHAFTS DID FARE."

trees spring up in graceful clusters from the prolific soil of genial islands reposing tranquilly upon the bosom of a sea of beer.

The scenes at Jones's Woods are not monotonous. The eye meets always rambling groups of men and women, dancing children, lads and maidens illustrating young love influenced by beer, brisk operations of athletic tendency in swings and on ropes, and busy effervescence of trade in shops and stalls. Sounds of tumbling ten-pins, bullets tapping upon targets, hum of talk and laughing outpeals never diminish. Look closely, and you will find, too, abundance of incident. See that family party. A young mother, it would appear, draws after her a wicker wagon, in which two infants, face to face, recline. The father, a fresh-looking German, walks carelessly at a little distance. His shaky step and wandering eye tell you he has been putting too much enemy in his mouth. The young woman is troubled more for him than for the children. People look into the little wagon and laugh, and turn jocosely to the mother, who half smiles, but languidly, not brightly. What can the joke be? You approach nearer, and then you find there is but one child, and a fat doll stuck opposite, with very flabby kid face, and countenance denoting many nursery struggles. Spite of its injured nose and absent eye, the baby leers fondly upon it, and makes passes at it through the air—surest sign of infantile affection. You think it a droll idea, this conjunction of stuffed image and young flesh, and take opportunity to inquire what it means. You learn, and then you do not laugh, like the rest, that the wagon once bore a pair of little Knaben, and that when the oldest languished and drooped to death the other sickened too, missing his crib-fellow, and could only be appeased by this kid and cotton-wool substitute, from which he never would be separated, least of all in his out-door rides.

While this is told you, the father has joined the merry sportsmen who find satisfaction in pop-guns. He has tried a shot. Some one claps him on the back and cries "Bravo!" He dilates a little, and essays another. He is incited to shoot for wagers. His wife murmurs dissuasions; but he tips her a grimace of deep import, as to say, "See, now, how I will fleece these fellows!" The fellows—dark-looking men, with very oily hair, and hooked noses, and close-knit brows, and glaring costume—urge him on. Money is put up. The hook-nosed men miss shabbily, and tipsy Germany wins. He thrusts the coins into his outer pocket, and drawing forth his handkerchief a minute later, unconsciously scatters them over the ground. Another match, and he wins again. Exultant, he boisterously consents that the stakes shall be greatly augmented. He collects all his possessions and deposits them. This time he loses every thing.

He withdraws, dejected, and rejoins his wife. She does not reproach him, but tells him that he was deceived—that his first winnings were permitted only for the purpose of leading him on to larger risks. He doubts, but will have positive assurance. He stumbles up to make investigations, and is repulsed. He persists, and is hustled off, a little bruised and much torn. He suddenly becomes repentant, and rejoining his wife, hovers round the wagon as she draws it away.

A little after noon the visitors evince a disposition to settle near the centre of the Woods. You learn that a tight-rope performance is to be provided. This must be seen. At an elevation so great that you have not before noticed it stretches the line—an airy nothing. People say, with evident complacency, that the last night's rain has made it so slippery that the danger is extreme. Presently the funambulist appears. He is clad in white shirt and trowsers, without coat or hat, and with slippers on his feet. You ask who he is, and are told his name is Chiarini, and that he appears thus simply dressed "out of respect to the day." You are convinced that the day will feel honored by this mark of Mr. Chiarini's respect.

He begins his evolutions, and the crowd applauds noisily. He skips about, and lies down flat, and elevates his feet, and in many other ways forsakes safety and invites danger. Now he daringly spins round, teetotum-like. But stop—he swerves, his foot slips, his balance-pole rushes through the air; will he fall? The crowd gasps and shudders, then rushes off a little to give him a good clear space to drop upon, if he must come down. But no; he clings closely, and by a convulsive writhe restores his equilibrium. New and louder shouts encourage him, and he persists in more audacious efforts. At length, exhausted, he retires, and the throng dissolves to seek again fresh pleasures and fresh beer.

Thus pass the Sundays in the Woods of Jones.

THE PLAGUE OF ELLIANT.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[A large proportion of the ballads still sung in the gatherings of the Breton peasantry—at the "pardon" of the patron saint, the festivities of the wedding, or the consecration of the new threshing-floor—relate to historical events of remote antiquity. One of these time-worn, but deeply-stamped pieces of old bardic coinage, now come down to exclusive circulation among hard peasant-hands, but still precious for the quality of its true poetic metal, and venerable for its ancient mint-mark, is the ballad of "The Plague of Elliant," of which the following is as literal a version, I think, as can be made from the Breton into the English. I have preserved the metre of the original, so that my version may be sung to the Breton air of the "Bosen Elliant." The plague which the ballad commemorates ravaged Brittany in the sixth century. The Book of Llandaff (in Jesus College, Oxford) contains an account of this plague in an abridgment of the life of Saint Gwenolé, made in the ninth century by Gurdestin, abbot of the convent. In this account special mention is made of the ravages of the plague in the parish of Elliant, though the country immediately round about it is said to have been preserved from the scourge by the prayers of a saintly hermit named Rasian. He is mentioned in the ballad, which, like all other ballads in M. de Villemarqué's "*Barsaz Breiz*" (from which my translation was made), was taken down from oral recitation of the Breton peasantry.]

'TWIXT Faoüet and Llangolan
There lives a bard, a holy man—
His name is Father Rasian.

On Faoüet his hest he laid:
"Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read."

In Elliant the plague is o'er,
But not till it had raged full sore:
It slew seven thousand and five score.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

"The Plague," quoth she, "is on our door-sill;
'Twill enter if it be God's will;
But till it enter bide we still."

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Every where will find grass to mow—

Every where, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart wont to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the grave-yard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear:
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walked behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shriek'd and call'd on God,
Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load.

"God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine:

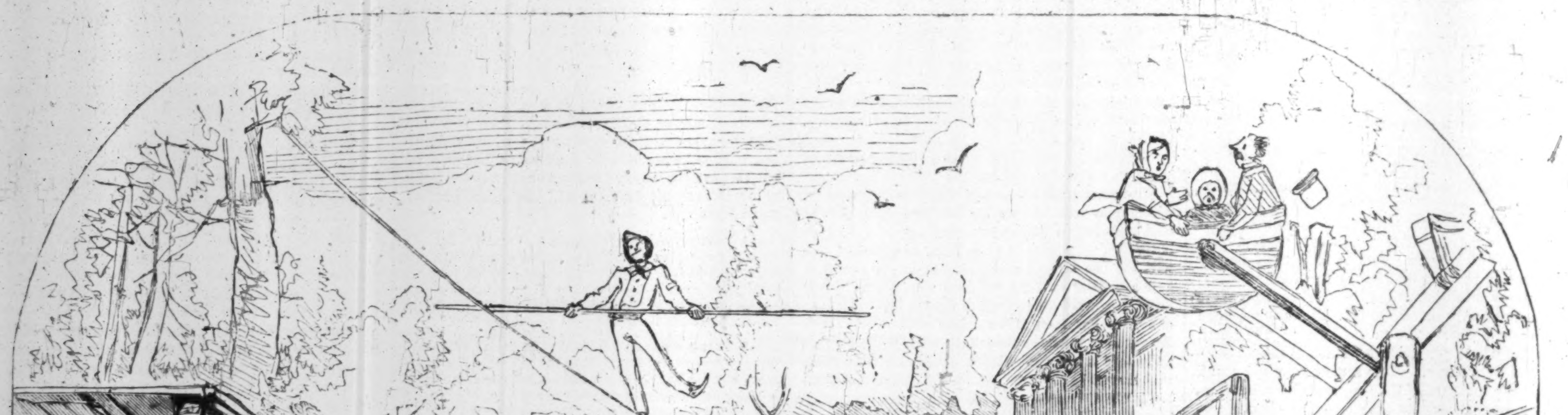
A cord of the wax so long and fine,
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the shrine.

Nine sons I had; I bare them all;
Now Death has ta'en them, great and small.

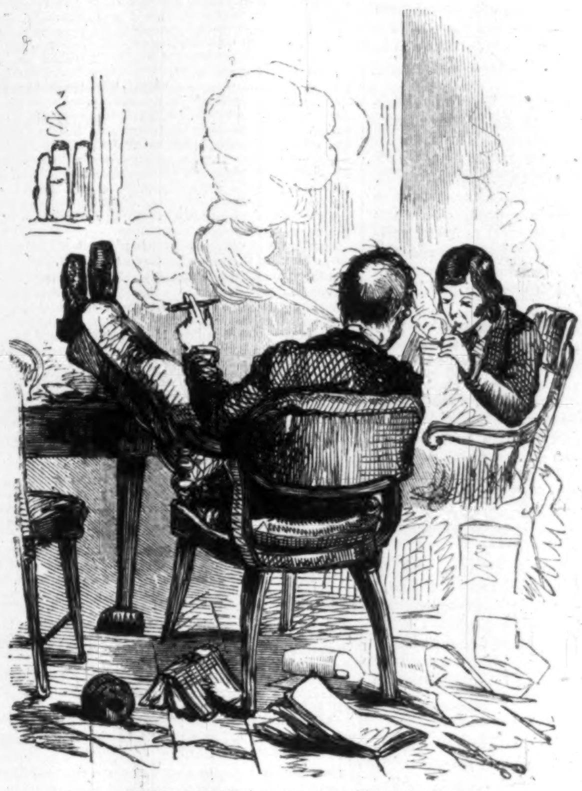
Hath ta'en them all from my own door-stone:
None left, e'en to give me to drink—not one!"

The church-yard to the walls brims o'er,
The church is full to the steps of the door:
They must bless fields, if they'd bury more.

There grows an oak by the church-yard wall,
From the top-bough hangs a white grave pall—
The Plague hath taken one and all.



SUNDAY AT JONES'S WOODS, IN NEW YORK.



ABEL IN GENERAL BELCH'S OFFICE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

General Belch's office was in the lower part of Nassau Street. At the outer door there was a modest slip of a tin sign, "Arcularius Belch, Attorney and Counselor." The room itself was dingy and forlorn. There was no carpet on the floor, the windows were very dirty, and slats were broken out of the blinds—the chairs did not match—there was a wooden book-case, with a few fat law-books lounging upon the shelves, the table was a chaos of pamphlets, printed forms, newspapers, and files of letters, with a huge inkstand, inky pens, and a great wooden sand-box. Upon each side of the chimney, the grate in which was piled with crushed pieces of waste paper, and the bars of which were discolored with tobacco juice, stood two large spittoons, the only unsoiled articles in the office.

This was the place in which General Belch did business. It had the atmosphere of Law. But, above all, it was the spot where, with one leg swinging over the edge of the table and one hand waving in earnest gesticulation, General Belch could say to every body who came, and especially to his poorer fellow-citizens, "I ask no office; I am content with my moderate practice. It is enough for me in this glorious country to be a friend of the people."

As he said this—or only implied it in saying something else—the broken slats, the dirty windows, the uncarpeted floor, the universal untidiness, whispered in the mind of the hearer, "Amen!"

His residence, however, somewhat atoned for the discomfort of his office. Not unfrequently he entertained his friends sumptuously; and whenever any of the representatives of his party, who acted in Congress as his private agents, had succeeded—as on one occasion, already commemorated, the Hon. Mr. Ele had done—in putting a finer edge upon a favorite axe, General Belch entertained a select circle who agreed with him in his political philosophy, and were particular friends of the people and of the popular institutions of their country.

Abel Newt had already called at the General's office, and had received overtures from that gentleman, who offered him Mr. Bodley's seat in Congress, upon condition that he was able to see things from particular points of view.

"Mr. Watkins Bodley, it seems," said General Belch, "and I regret to say it, is in straitened pecuniary circumstances. I understand he will feel that he owes it to his family to resign before the next session. There will be a vacancy; and I am glad to say that the party is just now in a happy state of harmony, and that my influence will secure your nomination. But come up to-night and talk it over. I have asked Ele and Slugby, and a few others—friends, of course—and I hope Mr. Bat will drop in. You know Aquila Bat?"

"By reputation," replied Abel.

"He is a very quiet man, but very shrewd. He gives great dignity and weight to the party. A tremendous lawyer Bat is. I suppose he is at the very head of the profession in this country. You'll come?"

Abel was most happy to accept, for the rooms in Grand Street had become inconceivably gloomy. There were no more little parties there: the last one was given in honor of Mrs. Sligo Moultrie—before her marriage. The elegant youth of the town gradually fell off from frequenting Abel's rooms, for he always proposed cards, and the stakes were enormous; which was a depressing circumstance to young gentlemen who mainly depended upon the paternal purse. Such young gentlemen as Zephyr Wetherley, who was for a long time devoted to young Mrs. Mellish Whitloe, and sent her the loveliest fans, and buttons, and little trinkets, which he selected at Marquand's. But when the year came round the bill was inclosed to Mr. Wetherley, senior, who, after a short and warm interview with his son Zephyr, inclosed it in turn to Whitloe himself; who smiled, and paid it, and advised his wife to buy her own jewelry in future.

It was not pleasant for young Wetherley, and his friends in a similar situation, to sit down to a night at cards with such a desperate player as Abel Newt. Besides, his rooms had lost that air of voluptuous elegance which was formerly so unique. The furniture was worn out and not replaced. The decanters and bottles were no longer kept in a pretty sideboard, but stood boldly out, ready for instant service; and whenever one of the old set of men happened in, he was very likely to find a gentleman—whose toilet was suspiciously fine, whose gold looked like gilt—who made himself entirely at home with Abel and his rooms, and whose conversation indicated that his familiar haunts were race-courses, bar-rooms, and gambling-houses.

It was unanimously decreed that Abel Newt had lost tone. His dress was gradually becoming flashy. Younger sisters, who had heard their elders, who were married now, speak of the fascinating Mr. Newt, perceived that the fascinating Mr. Newt was a little too familiar when he flirted, and that his breath was offensive with spirituous fumes. He was noisy in the gentlemen's dressing-room. The stories he told there were of such a character, and he told them so loudly, that more than once some husband, whose wife was in the neighboring room, had remonstrated with him. Sligo Moultrie, during one of the winters that he passed in the city after his marriage, had a fierce quarrel with Abel for that very reason. They would have come to blows, but that their friends parted them. Mr. Moultrie sent a friend with a note the following morning, and Mr. Newt acknowledged that he had been rude.

But when Louis Wilkottle said one evening at Mrs. Winslow Orry's that Abel Newt had grown vulgar, all the people who heard him, and had long thought so, were immensely surprised. Their next emotion was that, as Lou Wilkottle never originated any observation, he must have heard somebody say it. Then, again, as he was always the staff of Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut, it was not a very complicated process by which the mind of Society reached the conclusion that that lady had said so. That lady, indeed, was known to express only the opinions of a set—but it was the set. It was enough. The Van Kraut property had stamped Abel Newt as vulgar. Then came the failure. Mr. Abel Newt was no longer engaged for balls two months in advance. He no longer received retainers of flowers for future dinners.

In the evening, at General Belch's, Abel was presented to all the guests. Mr. Ele was happy to remember a previous occasion upon which he had had the honor, etc. Mr. Enos Slugby (Chairman of our Ward Committee, whispered Belch, audibly, as he introduced him) was very glad to know a gentleman who bore so distinguished a name. Every body had a little compliment, to which Abel bowed and smiled politely, while he observed that the residence was much more comfortable than the office of General Belch.

They went into the dining-room and sat down to what Mr. Slugby called "a Champagne supper." They ate birds and oysters, and drank wine. Then they ate jellies, blanc-mange, and ice-cream. Then they ate nuts and fruit, and drank coffee. Then every thing was removed, and fresh decanters, fresh glasses, and a box of cigars were placed upon the table, and the servants were told that they need not come until summoned.

At this point a dry, grave, thin, little old man opened the door. General Belch rose and rushed forward.

"My dear Mr. Bat, I am very happy. Sit here, Sir. Gentlemen, you all know Mr. Bat."

The company was silent for a moment, and bowed. Abel looked up and saw a man who seemed to be made of parchment, and his complexion, of the hue of dried apples, suggested that he was usually kept in a warm green satchel.

After a little more murmuring of talk around the table, General Belch said, in a louder voice, "Gentlemen, we have a new friend among us, and a little business to settle to-night. Suppose we talk it over."

There was a general filling of glasses and a hum of assent.

"I learn," said the General, whiffing the smoke from his mouth, "that our worthy friend and able representative, Watkins Bodley, is about resigning, in consequence of private embarrassments, and he must have a successor."

Every body poured out smoke and looked at the speaker, except Mr. Bat, who seemed to be undergoing a little more drying up, and was staring at a picture of General Jackson, which hung upon the wall.

"That successor, I need not say, of course," continued General Belch, "must be a good man and a faithful adherent of the party. He must be the consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy."

"He must, indeed," said Mr. Enos Slugby, whisking a little of the ash from his cigar off an embroidered shirt-bosom, in doing which the flash from a diamond ring upon his finger dazzled Abel, who had turned as he spoke.

"He must espouse the immortal cause of popular rights, and be willing to spend and be spent for the people."

"That's it," said Mr. William Condor, whose sinecure under government was not worth less than twenty thousand a year.

"He must always uphold the honor of the glorious flag of our country."

"Excuse me, General Belch, but I must propose three cheers," interrupted Alderman MacDennis O'Rourke; and the three cheers were heartily given.

"And this candidate must be equally the foe of class legislation and the friend of state rights."

Here Mr. Bat moved his head, as if he were assenting to a remark of his friend General Jackson.

"And I surely need not add that it would be the first and most sacred point of honor with this candidate to serve his party in every thing, to be the unswerving advocate of all its measures, and implicitly obedient to all its behests," said General Belch.

"Which behests are to be learned by him from the authorized leaders of the party," said Mr. Enos Slugby.

"Certainly," said half of the gentlemen.

"Of course," said the other half.

During the remarks that General Belch had been making his eyes were fixed upon Abel Newt, who understood that this was a political examination, in which the questions asked included the answers that were to be given. When the General had ended the company sat intently smoking for some time, and filling and emptying their glasses.

"Mr. Bat," said General Belch, "what is your view?"

Mr. Bat removed his eyes from General Jackson's portrait, and cleared his throat.

"I think," he said, closing his eyes, and rubbing his fingers along his eyebrows, "that the party holding to the only constitutional national policy is to be supported at all hazards, and I think the great party to which we belong is that party. Our principles are all true, and our measures are all just. Speculative persons and dreamers talk about independent political action. But politics always beget parties. Governments are always managed by parties, and parties are always managed by—"

The dried-apple complexion at this point assumed an ashy hue, as if something very indiscreet had been almost uttered. Mr. Bat's eyes opened and saw Abel's fixed upon him with a peculiar intelligence. The whole party looked a little alarmed at Mr. Bat, and apprehensively at the new-comer. Mr. Ele frowned at General Belch,

"What does he mean?"

But Abel relieved the embarrassment by quietly completing Mr. Bat's sentence—

—"by the managers."

His black eyes glittered around the table, and Mr. Ele remembered a remark of General Belch's about Mr. Newt's riding upon the shoulders of his fellow-laborers.

"Exactly, by the managers," said every body.

"And now," said General Belch, cheerfully, "whom had we better propose to our fellow-citizens as a proper candidate for their suffrages to succeed the Hon. Mr. Bodley?"

He leaned back and puffed. Mr. Ele, who had had a little previous conversation with the host, here rose and said, that, if he might venture, he would say, although it was an entirely unpremeditated thing, which had, in fact, only struck him while he had been sitting at that hospitable board, but had impressed him so forcibly that he could not resist speaking—if he might venture, he would say that he knew a most able and highly accomplished gentleman—in fact, it had occurred to him that there was then present a gentleman who would be precisely the man whom they might present to the people as a candidate suitable in every way.

General Belch looked at Abel, and said, "Mr. Ele, whom do you mean?"

"I refer to Mr. Abel Newt," responded the Hon. Mr. Ele.

The company looked as companies which have been prepared for a surprise always look when the surprise comes.

"Is Mr. Newt sound in the faith?" asked Mr. William Condor, smiling.

"I answer for him," replied Mr. Ele.

"For instance, Mr. Newt," said Mr. Enos Slugby, who was interested in General Belch's little plans, "you have no doubt that Congress ought to pass the grant to purchase the land for Fort Arnold, which has been offered to it by the company of which our friend General Belch is counsel?"

"None at all," replied Abel. "I should work for it as hard as I could."

This was not unnatural, because General Belch had promised him an interest in the sale.

"Really, then," said Mr. William Condor, who was also a proprietor, "I do not see that a better candidate could possibly be offered to our fellow-citizens. The General Committee meet to-morrow night. They will call the primaries, and the convention will meet next week. I think we all understand each other. We know the best men in our districts to go to the convention. The thing seems to me to be very plain."

"Very," said the others, smoking.

"Shall it be Abel Newt?" said Mr. Condor.

"Ay!" answered the chorus.

"I propose the health of the Honorable Abel Newt, whom I cordially welcome as a colleague," said Mr. Ele.

Bumpers were drained. It was past midnight, and the gentlemen rose. They came to Abel, and shook his hand; then they swarmed into the hall and put on their hats and coats.

"Stay, Newt," whispered Belch, and Abel lingered.

The Honorable B. J. Ele also lingered, as if he would like to be the last out of the house; for although this distinguished statesman did not care to do otherwise than as General Belch commanded, he was anxious to be the General's chief butler, while the remark about riding on his companions' shoulders and the personal impression Abel had made upon him had seriously alarmed him.

While he was busily looking at the portrait of General Jackson, General Belch stepped up to him and put out his hand.

"Good-night, my dear Ele! Thank you! thank you! These things will not be forgotten. Good-night! good-night!" And he backed the Honorable Barabbas out of the room into the hall.

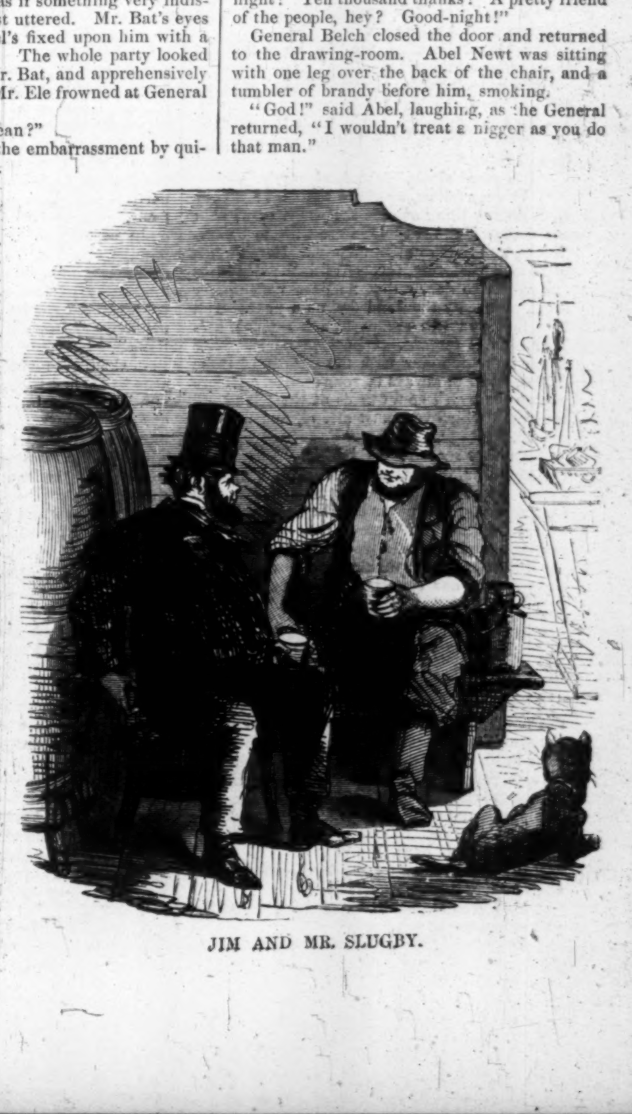
"This is your coat, I think," said he, taking up a garment and helping Mr. Ele to get it on. "Ah, you luxurious dog! you're a pretty friend of the people, with such a splendid coat as this. Good-night! good-night!" he added, helping his guest toward the door.

"Hallo, Condor!" he shouted up the street. "Here's Ele—don't leave him behind—wait for him!"

He put him out of the door. "There, my dear fellow, Condor's waiting for you! Good-night! Ten thousand thanks! A pretty friend of the people, hey? Good-night!"

General Belch closed the door and returned to the drawing-room. Abel Newt was sitting with one leg over the back of the chair, and a tumbler of brandy before him, smoking.

"God!" said Abel, laughing, as the General returned, "I wouldn't treat a nigger as you do that man."



JIM AND MR. SLUGBY.

"My dear Mr. Representative," returned Belch, "you, as a legislator and public man, ought to know that Order is Heaven's first law."

CHAPTER LXX.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

Drawing his chair near to Abel's, General Belch lighted a cigar, and said:

"You see it's not so very hard."

Abel looked inquiringly.

"To go to Congress," answered Belch.

"Yes, but I'm not elected yet, thank you."

General Arcularius Belch blew a long, slow cloud, and gazed at Abel with a kind of fond superiority. Abel felt it, and chafed.

"What do you mean by looking so?" asked he.

"My dear Newt, I was not aware that you had such a soft spot. No, positively, I did not know that you had so much to learn. It is inconceivable."

The General smiled, and smoked, and looked blandly at his companion. Abel resolved that, at least, he would not show the softness of curiosity, and held his tongue.

"You're not elected yet, hey?" asked the General, with an amused laugh.

"Not that I am aware of," said Abel, smiling.

"Why, my dear fellow, who on earth do you suppose does the electing?"

"I thought the people were the source of power," replied Abel, in an axiom, and a good deal nettled, but concealing it so well that Belch exclaimed,

"Hallo! I see you're gumming. However, there's one thing. You know you'll have to speak after the election. Did you ever speak?"

"Not since school," replied Abel.

"Well, you know the cue. I gave it to you to-night. The next thing is, how strong can you come down?"

"You know, I've failed."

"Of course you have. That's the reason the boys will expect you to be very liberal."

"How much?" inquired Abel.

"Let me see. There'll be the printing, halls, lights, ballots, advertisements— Well, I should say a hundred dollars, and about four hundred for extras. Five hundred dollars for the election, and as much more for the committee."

"Devil! that's rather strong!" replied Abel.

"Not at all," said General Belch. "You're going to Washington secures the grant, and the grant nets you at least three thousand dollars upon every share. It's a good thing, and very liberal at that price. By-the-by, don't forget that you're a party man of another sort. You do the dancing business, and flirting—"

"Pish!" cried Abel, "milk for babes!"

"Exactly. And you're going to a place that swarms with babes. So give 'em milk. Work the men through their wives, and mistresses, and daughters. It isn't much understood yet—but it is a great idea."

"Why don't you go to Congress?" asked Abel, suddenly.

"It isn't for my interest," answered the General. "I make more by staying out."

"How many members are there for Belch?" continued Abel.

The General did not quite like the question, nor the tone in which it was asked. His fat nose glistened for a moment, while his mouth twisted into a smile, and he answered,

"They're only for Belch as far as Belch is for them—"

"Or as far as Belch makes them think he is," answered Abel, smiling.

The General smiled too, for he found the game going against him.

"We were speaking of your speech," said he. "Now, Newt, the thing 's in your own hands. You've a future before you. With the drill of the party, and with your talents, you ought to do any thing."

"Too many rivals," said Abel, curtly.

"My dear fellow, what are the odds? They can't do any thing outside the party, or without the drill. Make it their interest not to be ambitious, and they're quiet enough. Here's William Condor—lovely, lovely William. He loves the people so dearly that he does nothing for them at twenty thousand dollars a year. Tell him that you will secure him his place, he's your humble servant. Of course he is. Now I am more familiar with the details of these things, and I'm always at your service. Before you go there will be a caucus of the friends of the grant, which you must attend, and make a speech."

"Another speech?" said Abel.

"My dear fellow, you are now a speechmaker by profession. Now that you are in Congress, you will never be free from the oratorical liability. Wherever two or three are gathered together, and you are one of them, you'll have to return thanks, and wave the glorious flag of our country. And you'll have to begin very soon."

CHAPTER LXXI.

WIRES.

General Belch was right. Abel had to begin very soon. The committee met and called the meetings. The members of the committee, each in his own district, called to consult with various people, whom they found generally at corner groceries. They were large, coarse-featured, hulking men, and were all named Jim, or Tom, or Ned.

"What'll you have, Jim?"

"Well, Sir, it's so early in the day that I can't go any thing stronger than brandy."

"Two cocktails—stiff," was the word of the gentleman to the bar-keeper.

The companions took their glasses, and sat down behind a heavy screen.

"Well, Sir, what's the word? I see there's going to be more meetin's."

"Yes, Jim. Bodley has resigned."

"Who's the man, Mr. Slugby?" asked Jim, as if to bring matters to a point.

"Mr. Abel Newt has been mentioned," replied the gentleman with the diamond ring, which he had slipped into his waistcoat pocket before the interview.

Jim cocked his eye at his glass, which was nearly empty.

"Here! another cocktail," cried Mr. Slugby to the bar-tender.

"Son of old Newt that bust t'other day?"

"The same."

"Well, I 'spose it's all right," said Jim, as he began his second tumbler.

"Oh, yes. He's all right. He understands things, and he's coming down rather strong. By-the-by, I've never paid you that ten dollars."

And Mr. Slugby pulled out a bill of that amount and handed it to Jim, who received it as if he were rather unexpectedly pleased, and did not recall any such amount as owing to him.

"I suppose the boys will be thirsty," said Mr. Enos Slugby.

"There never 's nothin' to make a man thirsty ekal to a 'lection," answered Jim, with his huge features grinning.

"Well, the fellows work well, and deserve it. Here, you needn't go out of your district you know, and this will be enough." He handed ten dollars more. "Have 'em up in time, and don't let them get high until after the election of delegates. It was thought that perhaps Mr. Musher and I had better go to the Convention. It's just possible, Jim, that some of Bodley's friends may make trouble."

"No fear, Mr. Slugby, we'll take care of that. Who do you want for chairman of the meeting?" answered Jim.

"Edward Gasserly is the best chairman. He understands things."

"Very well, Sir, all right," said Jim.

"Remember, Jim, Wednesday night, seven o'clock. You'll want thirty men to make every thing short and sure. Gasserly, chairman, Musher and Slugby, delegates. And you needn't say any thing about Abel Newt, because that will all be settled in the Convention; and the delegates of the people will express their will there as they choose. I'll write the names on this."

Mr. Slugby tore off a piece of paper from a letter in his pocket, and wrote the names. He handed the list, and taking out his watch, said,

"Bless my soul, I'm engaged at eleven, and 'tis quarter past. Good-by, Jim, and if any thing goes wrong let me know."

"Sartin, Sir," replied Jim, and Mr. Slugby departed.

Mr. William Condor had a similar interview with Tom, and Mr. Ele took a friendly glass with Ned. And other Mr. Slugbys, and Condors, and Eles, had little interviews with other red-faced, trip-hammer-fisted Jims, Toms, and Neds. These healths being duly drunk, the placards were posted. They were headed with the inspiring words, "Liberty and Equality," and summoned the legal voters to assemble in Primary meetings and elect delegates to a convention to nominate a representative. The Hon. Mr. Bodley's letter of resignation was subjoined:

"Fellow-Citizens,—Deeply grateful for the honorable trust you have so long confided to me, nothing but the imperative duty of attending to my private affairs, seriously injured by my public occupations, would induce me to resign it into your hands. But while his party may demand much of every patriot, there is a point, which every honest man feels, at which he may retire. I should be deeply grieved to take this step did I not know how many abler representatives you can find in the ranks of that constituency of which any man may be proud. I leave the halls of Legislation at a moment when our party is consolidated, when its promise for the future was never more brilliant, when peace and prosperity seem to have taken up their permanent abode in our happy country, on whose soil every man, woman, and child enjoys his birth-right of inalienable liberty, and whose triumphant experiment of popular institutions makes every despot shake upon his throne. Gentlemen, in bidding you farewell I can only say that, should the torch of the political incendiary ever be applied to the sublime fabric of our system, and those institutions which were laid in our father's struggles and cemented with their blood, should totter and crumble, I, for one, will be found going down with the ship, and waving the glorious flag of our country above the smouldering ruins of that moral night.

"I am, Fellow-Citizens, your obliged, faithful, and humble servant,

"Watkins Bodley."

In pursuance of the call the meetings were held. Jim, Tom, and Ned were early on the ground in their respective districts, with about thirty chosen friends. In Jim's district Mr. Gasserly was elected chairman, and Messrs. Musher and Slugby delegates to the Convention. Mr. Slugby, who was present when the result was announced, said that it was extremely inconvenient for him to go; but that he held it to be the duty of every man to march at the call of the party. His private affairs would undoubtedly suffer, but he held that every man's private interest must give way to the good of his party. He could say the same thing for his friend, Mr. Musher, who was not present. But he should say to Musher—Musher, the people want us to go, and go we must. With the most respectful gratitude he accepted the appointment for himself and Musher.

This brisk little off-hand speech was received with great favor. Immediately upon its conclusion Jim moved an adjournment, which was unanimously carried, and Jim led the way to a neighboring corner, where he expended a reasonable proportion of the money which Slugby had given him.

A few evenings afterward the Convention met. Mr. Slugby was appointed President, and Mr. William Condor Secretary. The Hon. B. J. Ele presented a series of resolutions, which were eloquently advocated by General Arcularius Belch. At the conclusion of his speech the Honorable A. Bat made a speech, which the daily *Flag of the Country* the next morning called "a dry disquisition about things in general," but which the *Evening Banner of the Union* declared to be "one of his most statesmanlike efforts."

After these proceedings the Convention proceeded to the ballot, when it was found that nine-tenths of all the votes cast were for Abel Newt, Esquire.

General Belch rose, and, in an enthusiastic manner, moved that the nomination be declared unanimous. It was carried with acclamation. Mr. Musher proposed an adjournment, to meet at the polls. The vote was unanimous. Mr. Enos Slugby rose, and called for three cheers for "the Honorable Abel Newt, our next talented and able representative in Congress." The Convention rose and roared.

"Members of the Convention who wish to call upon the candidate will fall into line," shouted Mr. Condor; then leading the way, and followed by the members, he went down stairs into the street. A band of music was at hand, by some thoughtful care, and following the beat of drums and clangor of brass the Convention marched toward Grand Street.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

Good news fly fast. On the wings of the newspapers the nomination of Abel Newt reached Delafield, where Mr. Savory Gray still moulded the youthful mind. He and his boys sat at dinner.

"Fish! fish! I like fish," said Mr. Gray. "Don't you like fish, Farthingale?"

Farthingale was a new boy, who blushed and said, promptly,

"Oh! yes, Sir."

"Don't you like fish, Mark Blanding? Your brother Gyles used to," asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, Sir," replied that youth, slowly, and with a certain expression in his eye, "I suppose I do."

"All boys who are in favor of having fish dinner on Fridays will hold up their right hands," said Mr. Gray. He looked eagerly round the table. "Come, come! up, up, up!" said he, good-naturedly.

"That's it. Mrs. Gray, fish on Fridays."

"Mr. Gray," said Mark Blanding.

"Well, Mark?"

"Ain't fish cheaper than meat?"

"Mark, I am ashamed of you. Go to bed this instant."

Mark was unjust, for Uncle Savory had no thought of indulging his purse, but only his palate.

When the criminal was gone Mr. Gray drew a paper from his pocket and said,

"Boys, attend! In this paper, which is a New York paper, there is an account of the nomination of a member of Congress—a member of Congress, boys," he repeated, slowly, dwelling upon the words to impress their due importance. "What do you think his name is? Who do you suppose it is who is nominated for Congress?"

He waited a moment, but the boys, not having the least idea, were silent.

"Well, it is Abel Newt, who used to sit at this very table. Abel Newt, one of Mr. Gray's boys."

He waited another moment, while they all looked at him, holding their knives and forks.

"And there is not one of you, who, if he be a good boy, may not arrive at the same eminence. I advise Mark Blanding to take great care, or he may disgrace himself and all his friends. But think, boys, any one of you, if you are good, may one day get nominated to Congress, as the Honorable Mr. Newt is, who was once a scholar here, just like you. Hurrah for Mr. Gray's boys! Now eat your dinners."

LITERARY.

Harper & Brothers' list of new books for November comprises The Virginians, by Thackeray, complete; Charles Reade's A Good Fight, also complete; Harry Lee, a novel, and other books of which we shall speak hereafter. Of "The Virginians" it is unnecessary to say any thing; Reade's novel is an admirable series of pictures of old life in Holland—rich, racy, and capital in all respects. "Harry Lee" is the story of a New York boy who is picked up by another and led to the news-boys' lodging-place, and thence furnished with a Western home. The story is simply and touchingly told; and the only objection we can possibly suggest to the book is the liability under which the reader will find himself instantly placed of putting his hand in his pocket and forthwith making a large donation to this worthy charity. No one can read the book and resist this temptation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF BROWN AND THE OTHER OUTLAWS.

The trial of Brown and other Harper's Ferry conspirators commenced at Charlestown, Virginia, on October 25, in the Magistrates' Court. Colonel Davenport was the presiding Justice, and the following magistrates were associated with him on the bench: Dr. Alexander, John J. Lock, John F. Smith, Thomas H. Willis, George W. Eichelberger, Charles H. Lewis, and Moses W. Burr. At half past ten o'clock the Sheriff was directed to bring in the prisoners, who were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A guard was also stationed around the court. The Court-house was bristling with bayonets on all sides. Charles B. Harding, Esq., acted as attorney for the county, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Counsel for the Commonwealth. The prisoners were brought in, Brown and Edwin Coppick manacled together. Brown seemed weak and haggard, with eyes swollen from the effects of wounds on the head. Coppick is uninjured. Stephens seemed less injured than Brown, but looked haggard and depressed. Both have a number of wounds on the head. John Copland is a bright mulatto, about twenty-five years old, and Shields Green is a dark negro, aged about thirty.

Sheriff Campbell read the commitment of the prisoners, who were charged with treason and murder.

ASSIGNMENT OF COUNSEL—BROWN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Harding, the attorney for the State, asked that the Court might assign counsel for the prisoners, if they had none.

The Court then inquired if the prisoners had counsel.

In reply Old Brown addressed the Court as follows:

"Virginians—I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; but under no circumstances whatever will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel; I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defense. My memory don't serve me; my health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favor if a fair trial is to be allowed us; but if we are to be farced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power."

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks the Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

THE EXAMINATION BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

The examination before the magistrates then proceeded. The evidence given was much the same as that which we published last week. It established the main facts charged against Brown, but showed that he had treated his prisoners humanely. At the close of the examination the case was given to the Grand Jury, who found a true bill next day.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

At twelve o'clock on 26th the Court reassembled. The Grand Jury reported a true bill against the prisoners, and were discharged.

Charles B. Harding, assisted by Andrew Hunter, represented the Commonwealth; and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts are counsel for the prisoners.

A true bill was read against each prisoner:

First, for conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection;

Second, for treason to the Commonwealth; and,

Third, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the streets and entered the Court-house without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked somewhat better, and his eye was not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the court-room, evidently unable to sit. He has the appearance of a dying man, breathing with great difficulty.

Before the reading of the arraignment Mr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessity of appointing additional counsel for the prisoners, stating that one of the counsel (Faulkner) appointed by the County Court, considering his duty in that capacity as having ended, had left. The prisoners, therefore, had no other counsel than Mr. Botts. If the Court was about to assign them other counsel it might be proper to do so now.

The Court stated that it would assign them any members of the bar they might select.

After consulting Captain Brown, Mr. Botts said that the prisoner retained him, and desired to have Mr. Green, his assistant, to assist him. If the Court would accede to that arrangement it would be very agreeable to him personally.

The Court requested Mr. Green to act as counsel for the prisoner, and he consented to do so.

OLD BROWN ASKS FOR DELAY.

Mr. Brown then arose, and said: "I do not intend to detain the Court, but barely wish to say, as I have been promised a fair trial, that I am not now in circumstances that enable me to attend a trial, owing to the state of my health. I have a severe wound in the back, or rather in one kidney, which enfeebles me very much. But I am doing well, and I only ask for a very short delay of my trial, and I think that I may be able to listen to it; and I merely ask this that, as the saying is, 'the devil may have his dues'—no more. I wish to say further that my hearing is impaired and rendered indistinct in consequence of wounds I have about my head. I can not hear distinctly at all; I could not hear what the Court has said this morning. I would be glad to hear what is said on my trial, and am now doing better than I could expect to be under the circumstances. A very short delay would be all I would ask. I do not presume to ask more than a very short delay, so that I may in some degree recover, and be able at least to listen to my trial, and hear what questions are asked of the citizens, and what their answers are. If that could be allowed me I should be very much obliged."

Mr. Hunter said the request was rather premature. The arraignment could be made, and this question could then be considered.

The Court ordered the indictment to be read, so that the prisoners could plead guilty or not guilty, and would then consider Mr. Brown's request.

The prisoners were compelled to stand during the arraignment, Stevens being held upright by two bailiffs. The artist of *Harper's Weekly*, "Porte Crayon," was present, and took sketches of the prisoners as thus arraigned.

The reading of the indictment occupied about twenty minutes. Each of the prisoners responded to the question, "Not guilty," and desired to be tried separately.

Mr. Hunter. "The State elects to try John Brown first."

THE JURY IMPANNELED.

Some time was occupied in the discussion as to Brown's capacity to go through a trial; the Court heard evidence on the point, and decided that the case must go on.

The jury were then called and sworn. The jurors were questioned as to having formed or expressed any opinion that would prevent their deciding the case impartially on the merits of the testimony.

The Court excluded those who were present at Harper's Ferry during the insurrection, and saw the prisoners perpetrating the act for which they are to be tried. They were all from distant parts of the county, mostly farmers—some of them owning a few slaves and others none.

The examination was continued until twenty-four were decided by the Court and counsel to be competent jurors. Out of these twenty-four the counsel for the prisoner has a right to strike off eight, and then twelve are drawn by ballot out of the remaining sixteen.

The following were finally fixed upon as the twelve jurors:

Richard Timberlake,
Joseph Myers,
Thomas Watson, Jun.,
Isaac Dust,
John C. M'Clure,
William Rightodale,
Jacob J. Miller,
Thomas Osborne,
George W. Boyer,
John C. Wiltshire,
George W. Tapp,
William A. Martin.

IS JOHN BROWN INSANE?

On Thursday 27th, Brown was brought in walking, and lay down on his cot at full length within the bar. He looked considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Senator Mason was present.

Messrs. Harding and Hunter again appeared for the Commonwealth, and Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner.

Mr. Botts read the following dispatch, which was received this morning:

"AKRON, OHIO, *October* 26, 1859.

"*To C. J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts:*

"John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family, have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in the lunatic asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the lunatic asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial if desired.

"A. H. LEWIS."

Mr. Botts added that Brown disdained to avail himself of the plea of insanity.

Brown then raised himself up in bed and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all, and I view it with contempt more than otherwise. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane prisoners, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity: and if I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempts to interfere in my behalf on that score."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE TRIAL.

A fresh attempt of Brown's to have the trial postponed in order to obtain counsel from the North having failed, the case was proceeded with.

The jury having been sworn to fairly and impartially try the prisoner, the Court directed that the prisoner might forego the form of standing while arraigned, if he desired it.

Mr. Botts put the inquiry to the prisoner, and he continued to lie prostrate on his cot while the long indictment, filling seven pages, was read:

First, For conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection;

Second, For treason to the Commonwealth; and,

Third, For murder.

THE SPEECHES AND THE EVIDENCE.

The case was then opened at length by Messrs. Harding and Hunter for the Commonwealth, and by Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner. The following witnesses were examined: Dr. Storey, Conductor Phelps, and Colonel Washington. Their testimony was a mere restatement of the facts which we have already published.

A BOSTON COUNSEL ARRIVES.

On Friday, 28th, George H. Hoyt, of Boston, counsel for Brown, arrived. He is quite a youth. The court met at eleven o'clock. Brown was led over from the jail, walking very feebly. He lay down upon his cot. Senator Mason entered the court with Mr. Hoyt, the Boston counsel of Brown. The jury were called, and answered to their names.

Mr. Botts announced the arrival of Mr. Hoyt, who had come here to assist the counsel for the prisoner; at present, however, he did not feel disposed to take part in the case. Whenever he should feel disposed, he would do so.

Mr. Hunter suggested that he had better be qualified as a member of the bar on producing proof from the Boston bar.

Mr. Hoyt had not brought his credentials of admission.

The Court said that that was not required in order to be strictly legal: to that fact any citizen's evidence would answer.

Mr. Green said his partner had read letters from fellow-students of Hoyt, alluding to him as a member of the bar.

Mr. Hoyt then took the customary oath.

FURTHER EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

The following witnesses were called to the stand, and testified to the facts already before the public; Colonel Washington, Conductor Phelps, Armistead Ball, John Allsteadt, Alexander Kelly, Albert Griest, Henry Hunter, Colonel Gibson, Benjamin T. Bell, Lewis Starry.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

For the defense, Joseph A. Brewer, A. M. Kitzmiller, James Beller, and others were called, but no new facts were elicited. One witness swore to having been a party to the killing of the outlaw Thompson in cold blood.

Several witnesses for the defense were called, but did not answer.

BROWN REPUDIATES HIS COUNSEL.

Brown arose from his mattress, evidently excited, and standing on his feet, addressed the court as follows:

"*May it please the Court*,—I discover that notwithstanding all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I gave the names, as soon as I could get them, of the persons I wished to have called as witnesses, and was assured that they would be subpenaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where those parties were; but it appears that they have not been subpenaed, so far as I can learn; and now I ask, if I am to have any thing at all deserving the name and shadow of a fair trial, that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning, for I have no counsel, as I have before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely; but I am in hopes counsel may arrive who will attend to seeing that I get the witnesses who are necessary for my defense; I am myself unable to attend to it; I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names; and I have nobody to do any errands, for my money was all taken from me when I was sacked and stabbed, and I have not a dime; I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting any body to go my errands for me, and I have not had all the witnesses subpenaed. They are not within reach and are not here. I ask at least until to-morrow morning to have something done, if any thing is designed; if not, I am ready for any thing that may come up."

Brown then lay down again, drew his blanket over him, and closed his eyes, and appeared to sink in tranquil slumber.

THE BOSTON COUNSEL SPEAKS.

Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, who had been sitting quietly all day at the side of Mr. Botts, arose amidst great sensation, and addressed the Court as follows:

"*May it please the Court*,—I would add my voice to the appeal of Mr. Brown, although I have had no consultation with him, that the further hearing of the case be postponed until morning. I would state the reason of this request. It was that I was informed, and had reason to believe, that Judge Tilden, of Ohio, was on his way to Charlestown, and would undoubtedly arrive at Harper's Ferry at seven o'clock to night. I have taken measures to insure that gentleman's arrival in this place to-night if he reaches the Ferry. For myself, I have come from Boston, traveling night and day, to volunteer my services in defense of Brown. I could not undertake the responsibility of the defense as I am now situated. The gentlemen who have defended Brown have acted in an honorable and dignified manner in all respects so far as I know; but I can not assume the responsibility of defending him myself for many reasons. First, it would be ridiculous in me to do it, because I have not read the indictment through—have not, except so far as I have listened to the case and heard counsel this morning, got any idea of the line of defense proposed, and have no knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia, and had no time to read it. I had no time to examine the questions arising in this defense, some of which are of considerable importance, especially that relative to the jurisdiction over armory grounds. For all these reasons I ask the continuation of the case till to-morrow morning."

THE SOUTHERN COUNSEL RESIGN.

Mr. Green arose to state that Mr. Botts and himself would now both withdraw from the case, and could no longer act in behalf of the prisoner, he having got up now and declared here that he has no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him. Feeling confident that I have done my whole duty so far as I have been able, after this statement of his I should feel myself an intruder upon this case were I to act for him from this time forward. I had not a disposition to undertake the defense, but accepted the duty imposed on me; and I do not think, under these circumstances, when I feel compelled to withdraw from the case, that the Court could insist that I should remain in such an unwelcome position.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE CLOSED.

On Saturday, 29th, Samuel Chilton, of Washington, and Henry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, appeared as prisoner's counsel with Mr. Hoyt, and were duly qualified. After some discussion in reference to delay, which the Court refused to grant, the following witnesses were examined, and testified mainly to Brown's courage and desire to avoid the shedding of blood: John E. P. Dangerfield, Major Mills, Samuel Snyder, Captain Sinn, Israel Russell, and Terence Burns.

THE ARGUMENT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

After some further argument in reference to delay, and likewise upon an objection raised by Mr. Chilton to the multifariousness of the indictment, the Court directed the prosecutor to proceed with the case.

Mr. Harding then commenced the opening argument for the Commonwealth, and spoke only for about forty minutes. He reviewed the testimony as elicited during the examination, and dwelt for some time on the absurdity of the claim or expectation of the prisoner that he should have been treated according to the rules of honorable warfare. He seemed to have lost sight of the fact that he was in command of a band of murderers and thieves, and had forfeited all title to protection of any kind.

The Court then adjourned at five o'clock, to meet again at ten o'clock on Monday morning, when Mr. Chilton will deliver his opening speech for the prisoner.

JOHN BROWN'S APPEAL FOR COUNSEL.

As every thing now relative to that misguided, doomed man has interest, we give a letter received by Judge Tilden. The body of the letter is in the handwriting of Sheriff Campbell, but it is signed by "Old Brown" himself:

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, *Oct.* 22, 1859.

"*To the Hon. Judge Tilden:*

"DEAR SIR,—I am here a prisoner, with several sabrecuts in my head, and bayonet-stabs in my body. My object in writing is to obtain able and faithful counsel for myself and fellow-prisoners, five in all, as we have the faith of Virginia pledged through her Governor, and numerous prominent citizens, to give us a fair trial. Without we can obtain such counsel from without the Slave States, neither the facts in our case can come before the world, nor can we have the benefit of such facts as might be considered mitigating in the view of others upon our trial. I have money on hand here to the amount of $250, and personal property sufficient to pay a most liberal fee to yourself or any able man who will undertake our defense, if I can be allowed the benefit of said property. Can you or some other good man come on immediately, for the sake of the young men prisoners, at least? My wounds are doing well.

"Do not send an ultra Abolitionist.

"Very respectfully yours, JOHN BROWN.

"P.S.—The trial is set for Wednesday next, the 26th instant. J. W. CAMPBELL, *Sheriff Jeff. Co.*"

ARREST OF COOKE.

Captain Cooke was arrested on October 26, by Messrs. Daniel Logan and Claggett Fitzhugh, at Montalto, Franklin County, fourteen miles from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. His printed commission, filled up and signed by Brown, and marked No. 4, was found on his person, as was also a memorandum, written on parchment, of the pistol presented to General Washington by Lafayette, and bequeathed to Lewis W. Washington in 1854. The pistol, he says, is in a carpet bag, which he left in the mountain. He came out of the mountain into the settlement to obtain provisions, and was much fagged down and almost starved. He was brought to Chambersburg, and after an examination before Justice Reisher, and being fully identified by a citizen who formerly knew him, was committed to jail to await a requisition from Governor Wise. He acknowledged having three others with him on the mountains, one of whom was seen and conversed with, having a blue blanket over his shoulders, and carrying a Sharpe's rifle and a double-barreled gun. The former, he said, belonged to his partner, who had gone for provisions.

Governor Wise sent a requisition for him, and he was taken to Virginia next day by officers from that State and the party who arrested him. Three Sharpe's rifles and a small lot of ammunition were found in the woods by some boys. One rifle has C. P. Tidd on the mounting. They were no doubt placed under the bushes by the men left on the mountain. Washington's pistol has not been recovered, and nothing has been seen of the men.

A dispatch, received at Frederick City, states that Captain Cooke passed through Hagerstown same evening, in charge of a strong guard, on his way to Charlestown, where he would arrive during the night. At Hagerstown the prisoner was exhibited from the veranda of the hotel to a numerous crowd.

ANOTHER DOUGLAS MANIFESTO.

Senator Douglas has published a rejoinder to Attorney-General Black's views of his article on Popular Sovereignty. Mr. Douglas enters into the merits of the subject at considerable length, arguing with great force in favor of the position which he originally assumed. Authorities are extensively quoted to sustain his views. In conclusion, he repels with much indignation the charge preferred by the Attorney-General, that he is a hard-working candidate for the Presidency, and says that at his time of life he would much prefer to finish out his term in the Senate, with the chance which he has of a re-election, to being nominated for a four years' Presidential term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" COMING AT LAST.

The *Great Eastern* is attracting great crowds of excursionists to Holyhead, and the Queen was to visit her during her sojourn in Wales, on or about the 17th instant. Nothing definite is known as to the ultimate movements of the "big ship." The London *Times* editorially criticises her performance between Portland and Holyhead, and draws unfavorable deductions from the speed then attained. It thinks that unless the *Great Eastern* presents a more decided superiority to smaller vessels than she at present seems to do, she will hardly be taken for a model.

The latest rumors are to the effect that the *Great Eastern* would sail for America about the 24th of October.

HOW SHE ROLLS.

The correspondent of the *Daily News*, in his account of the trip from Portland, writes as follows:

"A few hours before daybreak on Sunday morning the *Great Eastern* gave the first indication of being influenced by the motion of the waves. Hitherto there had been not the slightest motion either in the form of pitching or rolling, but about the time she passed the Lizard those who had retired to their cabins—which of course included all the non-nauticals—were aroused from their sleep by a sensible oscillation, which required in some instances holding on in order to hold in, and, more or less, from this time until very near the end of the voyage the motion of the ship informed those whom she was carrying that she was not exactly a portion of terra firma, but could roll and pitch if necessary, according to the varying circumstances of wind and waves; the motion, however, although sufficient to occasion disagreeable results in one or two cases, was invariably considerably less than in the largest ships we have been afloat in before, and of course greatest when the ship was being 'put about,' or when meeting cross currents and heavy seas. It is scarcely necessary to add that her steadiest sailing is against the wind, and that her unsteadiest point is with the wind at right angles to her course."

DEATH OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Wilmer and Smith's *Times* says: "The public will learn with regret the death of Mr. Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, which took place on the 12th. The deceased gentleman had been in a feeble state of health for some time previously, and labored under a complication of maladies—dropsy, congestion of the liver, and other symptoms denoting impending dissolution. An ample fortune, fine taste, and a spirit of adventure, induced Mr. Stephenson to maintain a handsome yacht, in which he visited countries far and near, and on his return from Norway, recently, whither he had proceeded when the Parliamentary session was brought to a close, he was attacked with sea-sickness, which induced jaundice, and this seems to have laid the foundation of disease which has thus terminated fatally. Mr. Stephenson's reputation, great as it was, was overshadowed by that of his illustrious father, although his own works have not been few or inconsiderable. His fame as an engineer will rest on his tubular bridges over the Conway and the Menai straits in North Wales, and the still greater work of the same kind over the St. Lawrence, in North America. It is remarkable that the country should have lost, in the space of a few weeks, its two greatest engineers—Mr. Brunel, and now Mr. Stephenson, both descended from men whose talents placed them, in their day, in the very first rank of the profession to which they devoted their sons. Of late years Mr. Stephenson led a life of elegant enjoyment, but Brunel, less fortunate in his means, was putting forth all his energies when his career was arrested by death."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON THE POPE.

The Emperor has replied as follows to a speech by the Archbishop of Bordeaux puffing the Pope:

"I thank your Eminence for the sentiments you have just expressed. You render justice to my intentions, without, however, overlooking the difficulties which obstruct them; and I believe you understand your high mission in endeavoring to strengthen confidence rather than to spread useless alarm.

"I thank you for having recalled my words, for I entertain the firm hope that a new era of glory will arise for the Church on the day when the whole world will share my conviction that the temporal power of the Holy Father is not opposed to the liberty and independence of Italy.

"I can not now enter into details which the grave question you have touched upon would give rise to, and I confine myself to reminding you that the Government which replaced the Holy Father on his throne can only give him counsel inspired by a respectful and sincere devotion to his interests. But he is anxious, and with good cause, as regards the day, which must soon come, when Rome will be evacuated by our troops; for Europe can not allow that the occupation which has lasted for ten years shall be indefinitely prolonged; and when our army withdraws what will it leave behind it? Anarchy, terror, or peace? This is a question the importance of which no one can deny. But, believe me, in the times in which we live, to resolve it, we must, instead of appealing to ardent passions, endeavor calmly to fathom the truth, and pray to Providence to enlighten people and kings on the wise exercise of their rights and extent of their duties.

"I do not doubt that the prayers of your Eminence and those of your clergy will continue to call down the blessings of Heaven upon the Empress, my son, and myself."

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCES.

The statements in regard to the position of affairs at the Zurich Conferences are conflicting.

A dispatch dated Zurich, October 13, says: "The Conferences do not draw to a close. Austria still refuses to diminish the amount of the debt of Lombardy to be borne by Sardinia. The demands of Austria are not only resisted by Sardinia, but do not receive the support of France, who has proposed that the disputed point be submitted to the arbitration of another power. No answer has yet been received to the propositions.

ITALY.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL ANVITI.

We read in the Parma correspondence of the *Morning Post*, dated Oct. 6: "A brutal murder has just taken place in the streets of Parma. A certain Colonel Anviti, for some time commander of the city during the state of martial law, and the most hated of all the agents of the late dynasty, was torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. He was discovered by some volunteers at the frontier in disguise, dressed plainly, but not, as was at first said, as a peasant. He is said to have been possessed of letters, money, and a Papal passport, and to have been taken in company with an Austrian general. It is difficult to guarantee these particulars. He was placed in the hands of the gens d'armes, and temporarily confined in their barrack. The news of his capture ran suddenly like a shock through the city. As the word passed down the streets men might be seen starting up from their houses and the cafés. A crowd gathered round the barrack, and on a sudden movement a number of the most brutal of the populace burst in, stabbed the wretched man to death, dragged his body through the streets, and having cut off his head, placed it upon the column of the piazza. It all passed in a sudden whirl, so that persons within 100 yards of the spot knew nothing of the deed till all was over."

THE DICTATOR'S PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE ASSASSINS.

A letter from Parma, dated October 12, says: "A proclamation, by the Dictator Farini, has been posted up here, wherein the crime recently committed at this place is vehemently branded. The proclamation states that Italy has risen through the noble and devoted conduct of its sons in the esteem of all civilized nations, and her public conscience insists upon satisfaction for this horrid deed, and it shall be obtained. The Dictator says: 'I am invested by the people with the mission to protect its rights; and, before all, that of justice. The guilty shall be punished, and the name of Italy shall not be dishonored. Citizens and National Guards, gather yourselves around me, under the standards of civilization and of Italy. The flag of Italy is always placed on the spot where men make sacrifices of their life, not where their honor is tarnished. The heart of Victor Emanuel has been afflicted by this dreadful event. He is used to govern a people which sheds the blood of the enemy only on the battle-field; which knows how to maintain liberty for itself, as well as procure it for others, because it knows how to obey the laws of the country.' Another energetic proclamation in the same sense has been published by General Fanti. General Ribotti has been appointed general commander of the troops of the town and province of Parma."

PROMPT MEASURES TAKEN.

The French consul at Parma has received orders from the imperial government to quit his post in Parma, unless prompt justice is done, and exemplary chastisement inflicted on the authors of the murder of Count Anviti.

A letter from Parma, dated October 12, says: "Justice is being done for the murder of Count Anviti. The Dictator Farini arrived here yesterday. The town is surrounded by Modenese and Tuscan troops. The principal persons implicated in the assassination, who have been imprisoned during the previous night, will be submitted to the tribunal. Arrests continue to take place. A proclamation, severe but conciliatory, from the Dictator has been posted up."

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION FROM GARIBALDI.

The following address has been issued by General Garibaldi at Bologna:

"ARMY OF ITALY—ELEVENTH DIVISION.

"SOLDIERS!—The hour of another struggle approaches. The enemy is threatening, and will, perhaps, attack us before many days are over. In addressing my old companions of Lombardy, I know I am not speaking to deaf men, and that it is enough to tell them that we are going to fight the enemies of Italy. I shall look to see you, then, firm in your ranks. GARIBALDI.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, BOLOGNA, *October* 5, 1859."

INDIA.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER ON BOARD SHIP.

The *Ararat* is a bark of 290 tons, owned by Hajee Saleh Mohammed Arbee, of Bombay, and commanded by Captain J. A. Correya. On the 30th of January last she left Bombay with convicts for Penang and Singapore. Having landed the men, and disposed of his cargo, the captain tendered and was accepted for convicts for Bombay, twelve of whom were ready for deportation from Singapore, and as many from Penang. Just as the vessel was ready to leave, Captain Correya was informed that he might have a batch of pirates, the *Esk* having brought them in.

With these fifty pirates on board, twelve ordinary convicts, a guard of fifteen European Madras Artillerymen, and eight Sepoys of the Marine Battalion, the *Ararat* left Singapore on the 19th of June, and arrived at Penang in the evening of the 24th. Twelve convicts were here added to the gang, making seventy-four in all.

The *Ararat* left Penang in the evening of the 25th, a junk leaving at the same time, and doing her best to keep up with the ship. Captain Correya, not liking the appearance of things, dodged his satellite, and finally lost sight of the craft on the evening of the 27th. A few hours later the *Ararat* was some sixty miles from Penang. The 28th broke gloomily, very dark, and sharp gusts of wind. At 2.45 the captain ordered the mate to set top-gallant sails if the weather should clear, and lay down again on the poop. His rest was of short duration. Ten minutes later he was aroused by a noise, such a one as wakens a man broadly in an instant. The noise, a crash as of something giving way, followed by a shout, startled the mate also as he was standing by the break of the poop.

THE FIGHT.

There was no doubt as to the cause—the convicts had broken loose. Quick as thought the captain leaped to the deck and brought his arms—a revolver and two pistols—from the cabin. The mate as instantly aroused the guard, at the same time hailing the sentry forward, but received no reply. He remained by the night-guard muskets until the guard turned out, before which the captain's revolver spoke from the poop. The captain, it seems, on reaching the deck, could not discern that the convicts were making their way aft. They had advanced as far as the stern of the long-boat when he fired into them. Still they came on, a tumultuous rush, yelling like fiends, and having before them blocks, handspikes, holystones, fire-wood, curry-stuff grinders—any thing, in fact, they could lay hands on. Captain Correya was severely struck by some of these missiles, as were also several of the guard, who had by this time joined the captain (the crew, Lascars and Spaniards, being altogether without arms, having made their way into the rigging) on the poop. The gallant party had no thought, however, of acting on the defensive, but jumping to the quarter-deck commenced a hand-to-hand fight with the scoundrels. Both the captain and guard fired into them as fast as they could load, using also their cutlasses and bayonets to keep them at bay. They had desperate men to deal with. No sooner was a musket fired than a rush was made upon it before it could be reloaded, but in no one instance did they succeed in wrenching it from the grip that held it for life or death. One bayonet was their only spoil. During the whole time they kept up a shower of the missiles described above, and it is only wonderful that more mischief was not done by them. Inch by inch, however, the captain and his party gained ground, advancing purposely with caution, lest from behind the water-casks a rush might be made upon them, and their arms—their salvation—be seized. And here we have to record an instance of courage as rare as heroic. Some ten minutes or so after the outbreak, amidst an uproar as of hell let loose, arising from men who were thirsting for blood, the captain's wife took her part in the fray, by loading and continuing to reload her husband's pistols, and passing them up from the cuddy skylight. As each hatch was gained it was seized by the guard and fastened down. After an hour's hard fighting, the convicts were driven on to the top-gallant forecastle, where they were charged with the bayonet, and several run through or driven over the bows. Two or three were seen to lay hold of the fore top-gallant studding-sail, which was lying on the forecastle, and jump overboard with it. They were shot from the poop and quarter-deck, as far as the darkness permitted their being made out.

THE VICTORY.

Our deck now being clear, lights were brought—many attempts had been made to get lights during the fight, but as soon as one appeared it was knocked over by the convicts, and the whole work was done in almost solid darkness. The sights which the lights revealed were of the horridest. Here a man with a gashed face, there another cut almost in two, there another riddled with the bayonet, there one—yes, yet living, with four bullets through him. The aspect of the place was that of a slaughter-house. Eight dead bodies were found on the forecastle, and three on the main-deck, including the European sentry and Portuguese cook. It was now apparent why the sentry had not answered the hail of the mate—the poor fellow was found to have been stabbed to the heart. There seems, unfortunately, to be no doubt that he had left his post below and come on deck, where he is supposed to have fallen asleep, being stabbed without awakening even to fire his pistol, which was in his hand as he lay. Had he been at his post, or even awake on deck, alarm might in all probability have been given sufficiently early to have prevented the convicts gaining the deck at all.

The poor cook was shot by accident, being mixed up with the convicts. The carpenter and an Arab passenger jumped overboard. The former fell into the bight of the lee fore sheet, got into the fore chains, and made his way aft. The Arab was never seen again.

At daybreak a man was found hanging on to the rudder. A rope being let down, he was hauled up, and was found to have been shot through the leg. On search being made below, five more bodies were found of men who, on receiving enough, had gone below to die. It was found that the convicts had escaped by cutting through with a knife, of which they had somehow gained possession, a bar of a prison door forward, then partly cutting through the inside partition bar on the port side, which enabled them to burst the door in altogether. They then shouted to the rest in other cells to follow them, which, with the exception of fourteen, whom the guard were enabled to keep down, they did.

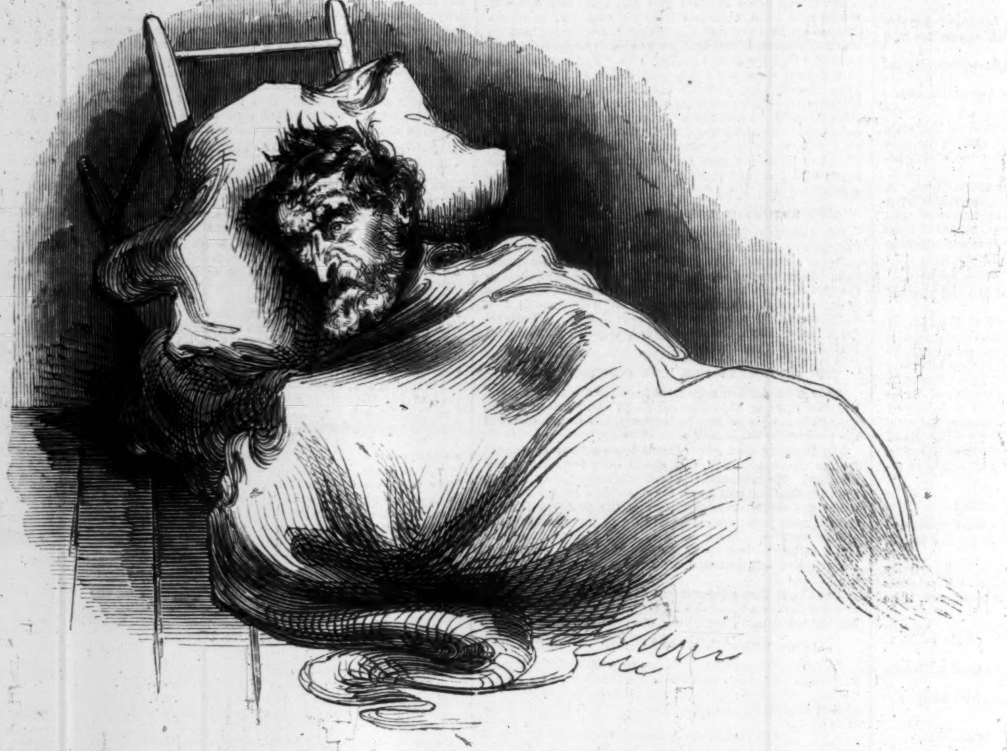
At six the convicts were mustered, when it was found that 28 were dead or missing—28 out of 60 that came on deck. The remaining 32, with the exception of three wounded, were treated to three dozen each. At half past nine the sentries gave the alarm that some of the convicts had slipped their leg irons. The guard was called and secured them. On overhauling the remainder, it was found that too many of the irons were too large, and they were accordingly reduced. A welcome sight must Bombay have been to the *Ararat*.

CHINA.

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

The China mails have reached England, and the details of the news state that the American Minister had been courteously received at Pekin, and expected to be able to send home the ratified treaty by the next mail.

THE LATE INVASION AT HARPER'S FERRY.—[From our own Artist Correspondent.]



PORTRAIT OF OSSAWATTOMIE BROWN, WOUNDED AND A PRISONER.—[Sketched by Porte Crayon during his Examination by Governor Wise.]

As the writer of the anonymous letter which warned the Secretary of War of the intended attack on the United States arsenals, etc., did not seem to have any clear idea of its geographical position, we think it quite probable that many of our readers may be equally uninformed.

Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on a point just opposite the gap through which the united streams pass the Blue Ridge on their way toward the ocean. The Ridge here is about twelve hundred feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on either side on the river, and exhibiting some of the most beautiful and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built on two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the rivers, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Potomac and Shenandoah streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has straggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies the level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams.

It has altogether a population of five thousand; is distant from Richmond 173 miles; from Washington City, 57 miles by turnpike road; and from Baltimore, 80 miles by rail. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, 900 feet long, and passes along Potomac Street westward, its track lying 40 feet above the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah Street, connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge. Potomac Street is entirely occupied by the workshops and offices of the National Armory, and its entrance is inclosed by a handsome gate and iron railing. Nearly at the angle of junction are the old arsenal buildings, where usually from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms are stored. The other buildings on the point, and nearer the bridge, are railroad offices, hotels, eating-houses, stores, shops, etc. Shenandoah Street contains stores and dwelling-houses for half a mile or more, when we come to Hall's rifle-works, situated on a small island in the Shenandoah River.

A simple plat of the town would enlighten more than twenty pages of description, but I have none at hand.

Of the antecedents, motives, and character of the men who made the attempt to possess themselves of the United States Works, and arms therein contained, we shall not speak, except incidentally, in the course of our narrative, as the public have doubtless been sufficiently and fully informed on that subject. Indeed, the last accounts of the whole affair by the Baltimore reporters have been sufficiently full and accurate. Some errors there are of minor importance, which have doubtless occurred through haste and inadvertence. Some names have been gazetted who were not in the fight—some overlooked whose conduct merits commendation. There are also some important views connected with the moral of the affair that have not been made sufficiently prominent. Indeed, the very name of *insurgents*, with which the writers have seen fit to characterize the actors in the tragedy, and the term *insurrection*, as applied to the movement, are entirely inappropriate, and calculated of themselves to produce a false impression abroad.

We shall dub them outlaws and invaders.

The first overt act of hostility committed by them was the seizure of the watchman on the Potomac Bridge, who was carried prisoner to the Armory buildings, of which they had already quietly taken possession. This was on Sunday night, 16th October, about half past ten o'clock.

At an hour after midnight Colonel Lewis Washington, living four miles from the town, was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door, and a voice calling him by name. Supposing it to be some friend come to claim hospitality, he lighted a lamp and went to the door, where, to his amazement, he found himself in the presence of six men armed with Sharpe's rifles, knives, and revolvers. The leader, J. E. Cooke, told him he was a prisoner, but that he need feel no alarm, as no harm was intended to his person. The Colonel took the matter as coolly as could have been desired, assuring them that he not only was not frightened, but appreciated the honor they had done him in supposing it required six men, armed to the teeth, to capture a single man in his night-shirt.

While he dressed himself the outlaws arrested all the negro men on the premises, attached horses to the Colonel's carriage and two wagons, and thus drove off toward Harper's Ferry. On their way they captured a Mr. John Alstadt, his son, and men-servants, in like manner. Cooke, who had previously visited Colonel Washington's house, and had been courteously entertained by him, took advantage of the knowledge thereby gained of the premises to steal a number of treasured family relics, among which was the sword presented by Frederick the Great to General George Washington. Some of these articles have been since recovered.

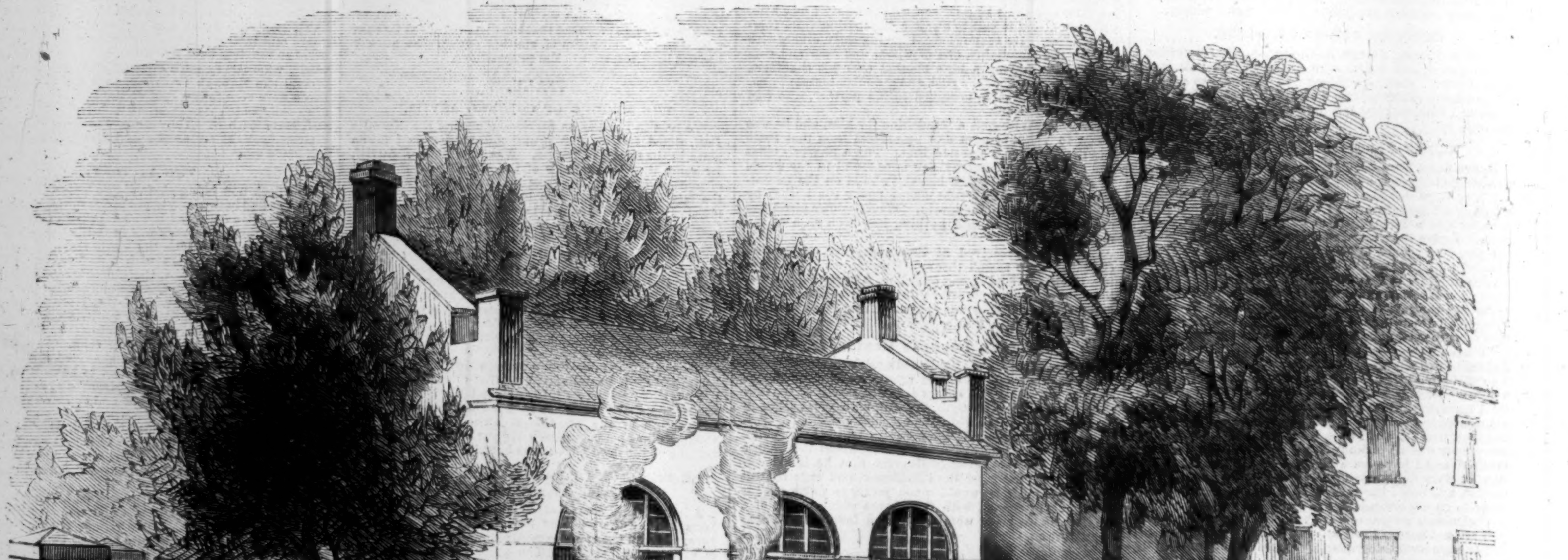
It was not until four o'clock on Monday morning that the citizens of Harper's Ferry began to suspect that some mischief was afoot. The regular watchman at the bridge was missing, and an armed stranger stood guard in his place. As this fact was reported to Heywood, the well-known negro porter at the dépôt, he went down to see about it. When he got there he was approached by several armed men, one of whom handed him a rifle, and ordered him to stand guard in the cause of freedom. Heywood expostulated with them, and resolutely refused to take the rifle. Their motives were hastily explained, and he was threatened with instant death if he did not join them. With heroic firmness the negro answered that they might kill him, but he would never join in their murderous schemes. Seeing an opportunity, he attempted to escape, and was shot dead. Thus the first life sacrificed by these philanthropic liberators was that of a faithful negro.

Shortly after the workmen began to go to their work-shops.—Among the first, a Mr. Kelly, on seeing an armed guard at the gate, asked by what authority they had taken possession of the public premises. The guard replied, "By the authority of God Almighty." He was ordered to enter as prisoner; but, instead of obeying, turned and made his escape, receiving a bullet through his hat as he ran. Mr. Boerly, a grocer, witnessed this scene as he was about opening his shop, and running out with his gun, fired at the guard. The next moment he was shot dead.

In the mean time the rumor of these murders began to spread; and as the town was aroused from sleep, it was ascertained that the telegraph wires had been cut above and below the town; the morning train stopped and detained for a time, and then permitted to proceed; and also that several leading citizens had been taken from their beds, and were held prisoners by a band of unknown persons in the Armory grounds.

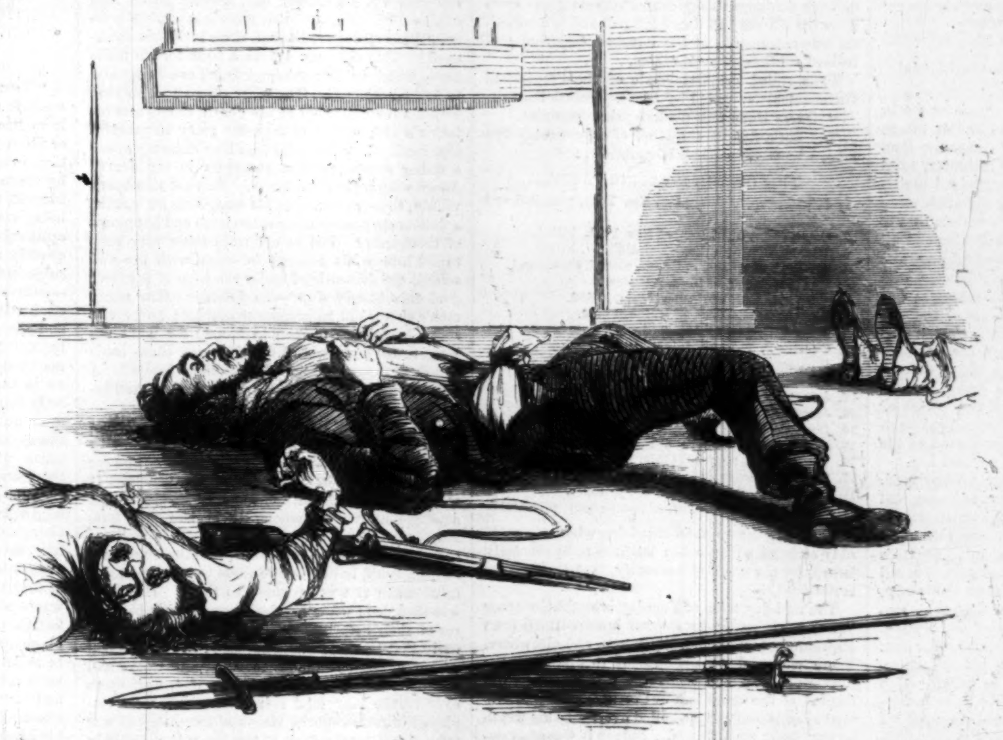
The number of these prisoners was increased to twenty-five or thirty by the capture of officers and employés, who went to the works to attend to their duties or from curiosity.

As the sun rose upon the scene, the reported outrages and the bodies of the murdered men showed that from whatever source the movement came it was of a serious character. Sentinels,



THE STORMING OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE BY THE UNITED STATES MARINES.—[Sketched by Porte Crayon.]

armed with rifles and pistols, were seen guarding all the public buildings, threatening death or firing at all who questioned or interfered with them; and the savage audacity with which they issued their orders gave assurance that the buildings were occupied by large bodies of men. Messengers were dispatched to all the neighboring towns for military assistance, while panic-stricken citizens seized such arms as they could find, and gathered in small bodies on the outskirts of the town, and at points remote from the works. All was confusion and mystery. Even the sight of several armed negroes among the strangers did not at once excite suspicion that it was an Anti-Slavery movement, and the report of one of the captured slaves confirmatory of that fact was received with doubt and incredulity. Indeed so averse was the public mind to the acceptance of this belief, that the suggestion was every where received with derision, and every and any other explanation adopted in preference. Some supposed it was a strike among the discontented armorers, or the laborers on a Government dam, who had taken this means to obtain redress for real or imaginary grievances. Others argued that it was a band of robbers organized in some of the cities for the purpose of robbing the paymaster's strong box, known to contain some thousands of public money; that the armed negroes were whites in disguise; that the idea of inciting a servile insurrection was a ruse, put forth to distract the public mind and enable them to escape with their booty.



BROWN, HIS SON, AND ANOTHER OF THE OUTLAWS AWAITING EXAMINATION.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

Still aroused, as much by curiosity and love of excitement as by the idea of real danger, the people of the neighboring towns and farm-houses armed themselves with such weapons as they could find, and trooped toward the scene of action by tens and by hundreds. In a few hours Harper's Ferry was surrounded completely with a bristling cordon of men with every variety of arms, costume, accoutrement, and of all ages and condition. Here was the gray-haired farmer quietly pushing a greased bullet down the muzzle of his trusty squirrel picker; there a boy of fourteen, escaped from school, armed with a rusty horse-pistol loaded to the muzzle with slugs and gravel. On foot and on horseback, laborer and landed proprietor, the tradesman from his shop, the merchant from his counter, the lawyer from his office, still they gathered in, armed and unarmed. The hunt was up—woe to the game inclosed within that fiery circle. In the mean time a guerrilla fight had been commenced by the citizens of Harper's Ferry. A man named George Chambers, whose house commanded the public grounds, shot the negro sentinel that guarded the arsenal, and a dropping fire was heard in different quarters. Hall's rifle-works on the Shenandoah were assailed by the Jefferson Volunteers, supposing it to be strongly occupied. It was taken without great difficulty, and to the astonishment of all, its garrison was ascertained to have consisted of but five men. These attempted to escape by wading and swimming the Shenandoah, but four of them were shot while in the water, and one was taken unhurt. A wretch, mortally wounded, was dragged from the river by a citizen, and laid upon the bank shivering with cold and loss of blood. He begged to be taken to a fire, promising to confess every thing. The bystanders carried him to an old cooper's shop hard by, where a hasty blaze was kindled. He told that his name was Lewis Leary; that he had been enlisted in Oberlin, Ohio, to serve in the great war of liberation to commence at Harper's Ferry. He left a wife and three children, and entreated some one to write to them to inform them of the manner of his death. He said he was enlisted by a man named Willet, and was awfully deceived. He was a good-looking mulatto, quite young, and nearly white. After lingering in great agony for twelve hours he died.

About this time Captain George Turner, who had come down with the Jefferson military, went to reconnoitre the position of the outlaws in the Armory inclosure, and while so doing was shot dead. Captain Turner was a graduate of West Point, and for some years an officer in the United States Army. He was a gentleman of fortune, and one of the most esteemed citizens of the county. When the shell was cracked at the rifle-works, and found to contain so small a kernel, people began to perceive they had greatly overestimated the numbers of the enemy, and no time was lost in taking possession of the town and closing all the passages of escape. The outlaw chief, too, had by this time perceived that, instead of hundreds of allies, he was hemmed in by thousands of infuriated enemies; and gathering together the remnant of his desperate band, with a few frightened negroes and the *élite* of his prisoners, he retired into the fire-engine house, within the public grounds. A short time after two of his party came out, each leading a citizen prisoner—whether to parley or to escape was not understood. When they appeared in the street one of the outlaws was immediately shot down, and the other captured; the citizen prisoners thus rejoining their friends. The outlaw who was thus shot was Aaron C. Stephens, who still lives a prisoner, although supposed to be mortally wounded.

After this incident Mr. Fontaine Beckham, Mayor of Harper's Ferry, and one of its most beloved citizens, exposed himself on the railroad track within range of the fire from the engine-house, and was shot dead. As the spot where he fell was commanded completely by the fire of the outlaws, his body lay there for several hours before it was removed. The spot is still marked by stains of blood mingled with gray hairs. At this sight the outlaw prisoner Thomson, who had just been taken, was told to prepare for death. He begged hard, but he was immediately shot, and thrown into the river. Although two balls had been fired into his body, and he fell forty feet into the water, he had vitality enough left to swim to the base of the next pier and crawl up upon its edge, where twenty rifle bullets soon ended his miserable existence. At three o'clock a party of a hundred men from Martinsburg arrived in the passenger train which had been turned back in the morning. This party was only partially armed, and without organization, many having come as much from curiosity as other motives. When they arrived at the upper end of the Armory buildings on the Potomac, some twenty or more of daring spirits, headed by George Wollet, one of the railroad men, made a rash but gallant assault upon the strong-hold of the outlaws. Wollet broke open the door, and nearly succeeded in forcing himself in, but was shot through the left arm by a rifle-ball. The attack was repulsed, with a loss of seven wounded, three of them dangerously. The fruit of this assault was the liberation of eighteen of the Harper's Ferry prisoners and the death of two of the outlaws. The wounded of the Martinsburg men deserve honorable mention:

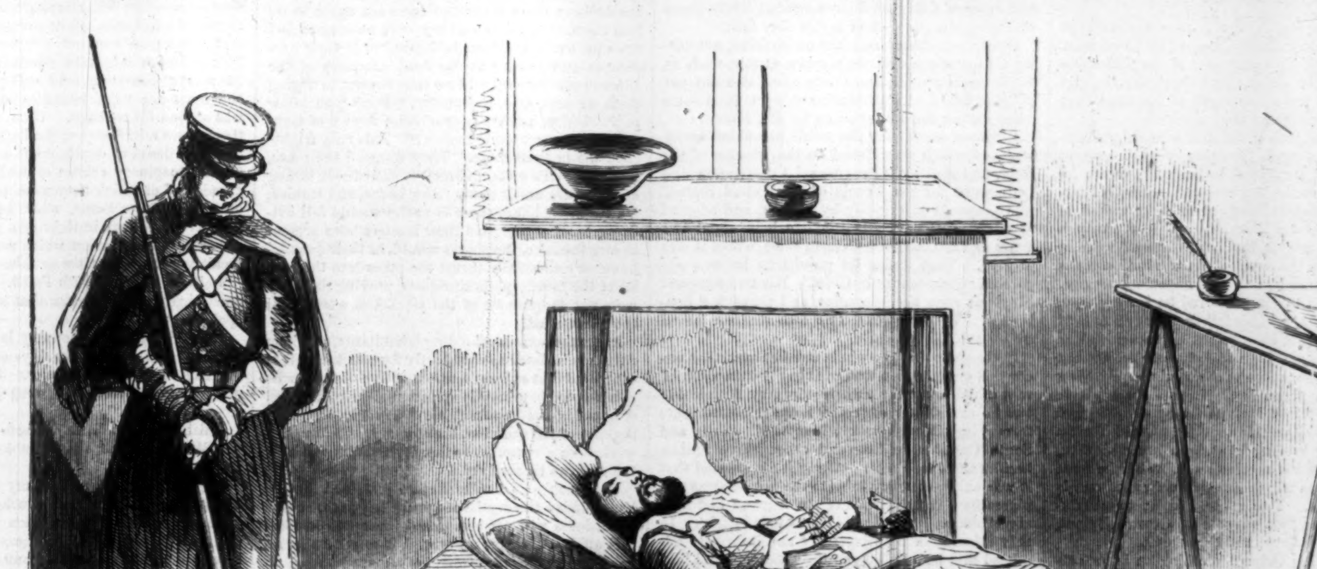
George Wollet,	severely wounded.
Evan Dorsey,	dangerously wounded.
Kirk Hammond,	dangerously wounded.
—— Richardson,	severely wounded.
George H. Murphy,	slightly wounded.
N. Hooper,	severely wounded.

Another, not reported.

One of the outlaws escaped from the Armory inclosure by creeping through a culvert which led to the Potomac River. He threw away his rifle and attempted to swim, but was hindered by the weight of his accoutrements. Under the fire of twenty rifles he crept behind a rock, and drawing a knife, attempted to cut away his belts. George Schoppart, of Martinsburg, waded out until within ten paces of him, and shot him dead. In his pocket was found a captain's commission, which reads as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, WAR DEPARTMENT,
Near Harper's Ferry, Maryland.

Whereas W. H. Leeman has been nominated a captain in the army established under the Provisional Constitu-



THE GUARD-ROOM, WITH THE WOUNDED PRISONERS.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

tion; now therefore, in pursuance of the authority vested in me by said Constitution, we do hereby appoint and commission the said W. H. Leeman captain.

Given at the office of the Secretary of War this day, 15th of October, 1859.

JOHN BROWN, Commander-in-Chief.

H. Keys, Secretary of War.

From this time there was no more active work. The town was occupied by a thousand or fifteen hundred men, including volunteer companies from Shepherdstown, Charlestown, Winchester, and elsewhere, but the armed and unorganized multitude largely predominated, giving the affair more the character of a great hunting scene than that of a battle. The savage game was holed beyond all possibility of escape. To storm the building, and annihilate the remnant of the bloody band, would not have been the work of twenty minutes; but the dread of thus hazarding the lives of the citizen prisoners restrained the wish for immediate action. It was determined to guard the premises narrowly, and wait. During the night Colonel Robert Lee, of the United States Army, arrived with about a hundred marines and two pieces of artillery. Major Russell was in immediate command of the troops, and Lieutenant Stuart, of the cavalry, acted as volunteer aid to Colonel Lee.

These troops took possession of the Armory yard, in immediate proximity to the engine-house, and the night was passed in comparative quiet.

One of the prisoners reports that during the night Brown acknowledged that all was lost; he knew that he had forfeited his life, and determined to sell it as dearly as possible. The courage of his men, too, began to give way, and they wished to surrender; but he urged them to continued desperation. One whom the idea seemed to strike for the first time, asked, "Captain Brown, would this enterprise in which we are engaged be called 'High Treason?'" "Very likely it would be so considered," replied Brown. "Then," said the man, "I will not fire another shot." "It will make no difference to you," said Brown, "except that you will die like a dog instead of falling like a man."

"During the livelong night," says our informer, "the voice of Brown was heard continually repeating, 'Are you awake, men? are you ready?'"

When Tuesday morning came the troops were put in position and a flag was sent to the besieged, borne by Samuel Strider, a citizen, and accompanied by Lieutenant Stuart, Colonel Lee's aid. They were received at the door by Brown. The demand for an unconditional surrender was peremptorily refused. The terms proposed by Brown were, that he and his party should be escorted by the marines to the Maryland shore and pursuit by the citizens restrained until he could escape; in which case he would leave the country and give up his prisoner hostages unhurt. Of course these terms were inadmissible, and the parley lasted some time without result. In the mean time the storming party of twelve marines, headed by Lieutenant Israel Green, took position on either side of the centre door. As the parley ended, the officer stepped back several paces and waved his hat. Two stalwart soldiers sprung forward, and with heavy sledges tried to force the door. One of the engines inside had been pushed against it, and it resisted all their efforts. Thirty men then came forward, and taking a heavy forty-foot ladder, used it as a battering-ram, dropping upon their knees at each blow to avoid the expected volley on the falling of the door.

At the third or fourth blow it gave way, and the stormers rushed in gallantly, headed by Lieutenant Green. The pent-up excitement of the multitude now burst forth in a shout that shook the air, and nearly drowned the sharp crash of fire-arms that received the stormers on their entrance.

Private Quinn, one of the first who entered, received a mortal wound. Turning back, he dropped his musket and staggered to the rear, where he fell, preserving to the last his quiet, soldierly bearing. Private Rupert received an ugly wound in the cheek. Colonel Washington, who through all these trying scenes had borne himself with an intrepid coolness that excited the admiration of the brigand chief himself, now did important service. The moment the marines entered he sprung upon one of the engines, told his fellow-prisoners to hold up their hands that they might be recognized as non-combatants, and then rapidly pointed out the outlaws to the vengeance of the soldiers. Having discharged their pieces in the faces of the soldiers, several of these threw down their arms and begged for quarter. Untamable to the last, old Brown sat in a corner loading his rifle, a breech-loader, and in this position received a sabre-stroke from Lieutenant Green which threw him forward on his hands and knees. Two or three bayonet stabs finished him, it was then supposed. Ottowa Brown, his son, was shot down and bayoneted.

A soldier seeing Colonel Washington in an active and prominent position, mistook him for one of the outlaws, leveled his piece and put his finger on the trigger; but fortunately remembering the caution in regard to the prisoners, he desisted. Shields Green, *alias* Emperor, a negro M.C. under the future provisional government, sneaked among the slave prisoners, hoping thus to escape notice and detection; but perceived by Colonel Washington, he was hauled forth to meet his doom. Doubtless, at that moment he would have swapped himself and his honors to boot for the meanest field-nigger on a Georgia plantation.

The citizen captives, released from their long and trying confinement, hurried out to meet their friends with every demonstration of joy; while the bloody carcasses of the dead and dying outlaws were dragged into the lawn amidst the howls and execrations of the people. It was a hideous and ghastly spectacle. Some stark and stiff, with staring eyes and fallen jaws, were the dead of yesterday; while others, struck with death wounds, writhed and wallowed in their blood. Two only were brought out unhurt—Coppick, and Green the negro—and they only escaped immediate death by accident, the soldiers not at once distinguishing them from the captive citizens and slaves.

The quiet and thorough manner in which this delicate business was executed reflects great credit on the officers and men engaged, and is a beautiful exemplification of the immense superiority of trained soldiers over all others.

Thus ended the first battle of the Provisional Government forces led by Lieut.-General Brown.

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

The outlaw force consisted of only twenty-two men, who were disposed of as follows:

LIST OF THE INVADING PARTY.

1. John Brown, of Essex Co., New York, wounded and prisoner.
2. Ottowa Brown, his son, of New York, killed.
3. Watson Brown, ditto. ditto. killed.
4. Aaron C. Stephens, of Conn., mortally wounded.
5. Edwin Coppick, of Iowa, prisoner.
6. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, killed.
7. William H. Leeman, of Maine, killed.
8. Stewart Taylor, of Canada, killed.
9. Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, killed.
10. William Thompson, of New York, killed.
11. Dolph Thompson, of New York, killed.
12. John Kage, of Ohio, killed.
13. Jerry Anderson, of Indiana, killed.
14. Dangerfield Newby, negro, of Ohio, killed.
15. O. P. Anderson, negro, of Pennsylvania, killed.
16. Lewis Leary, negro, of Ohio, killed.
17. Shields Green, *alias* Emperor, negro, of Pa., prisoner.
18. —— Copeland, negro, of Ohio, prisoner.
19. J. E. Cooke, white man, of Connecticut, prisoner.

There are three unaccounted for, who have probably escaped with Cooke; but it is to be sincerely hoped, for the credit of humanity, that their escape is not final.

The mid-day train of Tuesday brought Governor Wise, accompanied by several hundred men from Richmond, Alexandria, Baltimore, and elsewhere. There was real disappointment to find that the fight was over, and when the Governor was informed of the mere handful of men who had created all this bobbery he boiled over. In his wrath he said some good things. Indeed it was universally seen and felt that Governor Wise was just the man for such an occasion.

Accompanied by Andrew Hunter, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Jefferson County, the Governor presently repaired to the guard-room where the two wounded prisoners lay, and there had a protracted and interesting conversation with the chief of the outlaws. It had more the character of a conversation than a legal examination, for the Governor treated the wounded man with a stately courtesy that evidently surprised and affected him. Brown was lying upon the floor with his feet to the fire and his head propped upon pillows on the back of a chair. During the examination I sketched the portrait, which is an accurate likeness of him as he then appeared. His hair was a mass of clotted gore, so that I could not distinguish the original color. His eye a pale blue or gray, nose Roman, and beard, originally sandy, was white and blood-stained. His speech was frequently interrupted by deep groans, not awakening sympathy like those of the young soldier dying in the adjacent office, but reminding one of the agonized growl of a ferocious beast.

A few feet from the leader lay Stephens, a fine-looking fellow, quiet, not in pain apparently, and conversing in a voice as full and natural as if he were unhurt. However, his hands lay folded upon his breast in a childlike, helpless way—a position that I observed was assumed by all those who had died or were dying of their wounds. Only those who were shot stone-dead lay as they fell.

Brown was frank and communicative, answering all questions without reserve, except such as might implicate his immediate associates not yet killed or taken. I append some extracts from notes taken during the conversation by Mr. Hunter:

"Brown avers that the small pamphlet, many copies of which were found on the persons of the slain, and entitled 'Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States,' was prepared principally by himself, and adopted at a convention of Abolitionists held about two years ago at Chatham, Canada West, where it was printed. That under its provisions he was appointed 'Commander-in-Chief.' His two sons and Stephens were each captains, and Coppick a lieutenant. They each had their commissions, issued by himself.

"He avers that the whole number operating under this organization was but twenty-two, each of whom had taken the oath required by Article 48; but he confidently expected large reinforcements from Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and several other Slave States, besides the Free States—taking it for granted that it was only necessary to seize the public arms and place them in the hands of the negroes and non-slaveholders to recruit his forces indefinitely. In this calculation he reluctantly and indirectly admitted that he had been entirely disappointed."

But most of the particulars of this conversation have already reached the public, and we will not present them a second time.

Concluding that the prisoner must be seriously weakened by his vigils and his wounds, the Governor ordered some refreshment to be given him, and, appointing a meeting on the following day, took his leave. As some of us lingered, the old man recurred again to his sons, of whom he had spoken several times, asking if we were sure they were both dead. He was assured that it was so.

"How many bodies did you take from the engine-house?" he asked.

He was told three.

"Then," said he, quickly, "they are not both dead; there were three dead bodies there last night. Gentlemen, my son is doubtless living and in your power. I will ask for him what I would not ask for myself; let him have kind treatment, for he is as pure and noble-hearted a youth as ever breathed the breath of life."

There was some show of human feeling in the old felon at last, but his prayer was vain. Both his boys lay stark and bloody by the Armory wall.

I had observed Stephens holding a small packet in his folded hands, and feeling some curiosity in regard to it, it was handed to me. It contained miniatures of his sisters; one, a sweet girlish face of about fourteen, the other more mature, but pretty. What strange reflections these incidents awakened! This old man craves a boon for his noble boys, which neither pain nor death can bring him to ask for himself. The other clasps to his dying breast a remembrance of his gentle sisters and his father's elm-shaded cottage far away in peaceful Connecticut. Is this pity that thus dims my eyes? a rising sympathy that struggles in my heart? Away with puling weakness. Has not this hoary villain, that prates about his sons, been for months a deliberate plotter against the lives and happiness of thousands? Did he not train these very boys to aid him in his attempt to waste, with fire and sword, the fairest land under the cope of heaven? And this bloody dupe—his follower—how many men's sisters did he propose to murder; how many social hearths to quench in blood; for what use were those hundreds of deadly rifles, those loads of pikes, those bundles of incendiary fagots? A felon's death! Almighty Providence! is man indeed so weak that he can inflict no more?

And all about this good-humored, good-for-nothing, half-monkey race—the negroes. Let us walk through the streets of Harper's Ferry and see what part they have played in the drama. It seems that there is not the remotest suspicion that a single individual among them had any foreknowledge of Brown's movement. It is well ascertained that neither threats, promises, nor persuasion could induce one of them to join the movement when it was proposed to them. Heywood was shot dead while heroically expressing his horror of their nefarious designs. Brown discovered early that he could make no use of such as he had captured, and on Monday morning sent Cooke and two other white men, with eleven negro prisoners over to the Maryland side, where they were employed in removing the arms and munitions of war from the Kennedy farm to the log school-house in the mountain opposite the town. This was done that they might be more convenient for those imaginary recruits which the insane brigands still seemed confidently to expect.

As Cooke and his companions went at times to the river to fire across at the Virginians these negroes escaped, dodging through the woods, swimming the river, and running every hazard, returned to their respective homes. I conversed with several of them who narrated their adventures, while in the power of these cut-throat strangers, with great humor and vivacity. One fellow said that, when he was taken, a pike was put into his hands by Brown, who told him to take it and strike for liberty.

"Good lord, Massa," cried Cuffee, in a tremor, "I don't know nuffin 'bout handlin' dem tings."

"Take it instantly," cried the philanthropist, "and strike home. This is a day that will long be remembered in the history of your race—a glorious anniversary."

"Please God, Massa, I'se got a sore finger," and Cuffee exhibited a stump, the first joint of which he had lost in a wheat-machine some years before.

Finding that he had no mind to be a hero, Brown took him to the Armory, and during the siege sent him out for water. As soon as he got out of range of their guns he broke the pitcher and fled for his life. I narrate the story faithfully as it was told to me. Many similar anecdotes I gleaned from the darkeys themselves, but have not space to relate them. In the town they were passing to and fro with entire freedom, jubilating over their own escapes and jeering at the dead carcasses of the Liberators. Several told me that Brown, in urging them to arm, said, repeatedly, "Don't you know me? Did you never hear of John Brown of Kansas—old Ossawatomie Brown?" This only frightened the negroes more. They dropped the pikes, like the devil's gifts, and took to their heels, hiding every where under straw ricks, barns, and stables. On the other hand, there is sufficient and full evidence to show that, had their masters been present in any instance, the slaves would, in their defense, have very cheerfully thrust the pikes into the bodies of the pseudo-philanthropists, proving that they were not so ignorant of the pitch-fork exercise as they pretended.

As for the non-slaveholding inhabitants, on whom Brown calculated so confidently for assistance, it is estimated that at least four out of five of those who volunteered so promptly were non-slaveholders and of non-slaveholding families. They were the fighting men of the occasion, the stormers, who went to work with a remorseless ferocity equaling that of the outlaws themselves.

Any man who has heretofore imagined that he had sounded the depths of human folly and human wickedness will yet be amazed when he considers this affair at Harper's Ferry. It is generally regarded as the insane attempt of a monomaniac; an act which, as it is without precedent, and is likely to remain without a parallel, whose intense silliness is only equaled by its atrocity, would be ludicrous had not the blood of some of our best citizens made it tragic.

As for Brown's boast, "that, if at liberty, he could bring five thousand men to aid him," it is not credited; for if he had these means at his disposal, why did he enter Harper's Ferry with twenty-two only?

Brown is evidently the originator of the whole scheme—its head and right arm. After two years of effort he has only been enabled to muster twenty-one dupes with nerve enough to follow him; and these, without exception, where they have had an opportunity to speak before they perished, have acknowledged that they were miserably deceived.

That there are persons at a distance who have aided and encouraged him is proven by the captured correspondence. But these white-livered suborners of murder and treason are not dangerous. The head of the fanatical serpent, with its bloody fangs, we have crushed under our heel—its tail may writhe and rattle, but can not bite.

D. H. STROTHER.

BERKELEY SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

"THE sin of witchcraft." We read about it, we look on it from the outside; but we can hardly realize the terror it induced. Every impulsive or unaccustomed action, every little nervous affection, every ache or pain was noticed, not merely by those around the sufferer, but by the person himself, whoever he might be, that was acting, or being acted upon, in any but the most simple and ordinary manner. He or she (for it was most frequently a woman or girl that was the supposed subject) felt a desire for some unusual kind of food—some unusual motion or rest—her hand twitched, her foot was asleep, or her leg had the cramp; and the dreadful question immediately suggested itself, "Is any one possessing an evil power over me by the help of Satan?" and perhaps they went on to think, "It is bad enough to feel that my body can be made to suffer through the power of some unknown evil-wisher to me, but what if Satan gives them still further power, and they can touch my soul, and inspire me with loathful thoughts leading me into crimes which at present I abhor?" and so on, till the very dread of what might happen, and the constant dwelling of the thoughts, even with horror, upon certain possibilities, or what were esteemed such, really brought about the corruption of imagination at least, which at first they had shuddered at. Moreover, there was a sort of uncertainty as to who might be infected—not unlike the overpowering dread of the plague, which made some shrink from their best-beloved with irrepressible fear—the brother or sister who was the dearest friend of their childhood and youth might now be bound in some mysterious deadly pact with evil spirits of the most horrible kind—who could tell? And in such a case it became a duty, a sacred duty, to give up the earthly body which had been once so loved, but which was now the habitation of a soul corrupt and horrible in its evil inclinations. Possibly, terror of death might bring on confession, and repentance, and purification. Or if it did not, why away with the evil creature, the witch, out of the world, down to the kingdom of the master whose bidding was done on earth in all manner of corruption and torture of God's creatures. There were others who, with these more simple, if more ignorant, feelings of horror at witches and witchcraft, added the desire, conscious or unconscious, of revenge on those whose conduct had been in any way displeasing to them. Where evidence takes a supernatural character there is no disproving it. This argument comes up: "You have only the natural powers; I have supernatural. You admit the existence of the supernatural by the condemnation of this very crime of witchcraft. You hardly know the limits of the natural powers; how, then, can you define the supernatural? I say that in the dead of night, when my body seemed to all present to be lying in quiet sleep, I was in the most complete and wakeful consciousness, present in my body at an assembly of witches and wizards, with Satan at their head; that I was by them tortured in my body because my soul would not acknowledge him as its king; that I witnessed such and such deeds. What the nature of the appearance was that took the semblance of myself, sleeping quietly in my bed, I know not; but once admit the possibility of witchcraft, and you can not disprove my evidence." This evidence might be given truly or falsely, as the person witnessing believed it or not; but every one must see what immense and terrible power was abroad for revenge. Then, again, the accused themselves ministered to the horrible panic abroad. Some, in dread of death, confessed from cowardice to the imaginary crimes of which they were accused, and of which they were promised a pardon on confession. Some, weak and terrified, came honestly to believe in their own guilt, through the diseases of imagination which were sure to be engendered at such a time as this.

Lois sat spinning with Faith. Both were silent, pondering over the stories that were abroad. Lois spoke first.

"Oh, Faith! this country is worse than ever England was, even in the days of Master Matthew Hopkinson, the witch-finder. I grow frightened of every one, I think. I even get afeared sometimes of Nattee!"

Faith colored a little. Then she asked,

"Why? What should make you distrust the Indian woman?"

"Oh! I am ashamed of my fear as soon as it arises in my mind. But you know her look and color were strange to me when first I came; and she is not a christened woman; and they tell stories of Indian wizards; and I know not what the mixtures are which she is sometimes stirring over the fire, nor the meaning of the strange chants she sings to herself. And once I met her in the dusk, just close by Pastor Tappau's house, in company with Hota, his servant; it was just before we heard of the sore disturbance in his house, and I have wondered if she had aught to do with it."

Faith sat very still, as if thinking. At last she said,

"If Nattee has powers beyond what you and I have, she will not use them for evil; at least, not evil to those whom she loves."

"That comforts me but little," said Lois. "If she has powers beyond what she ought to have, I dread her though I have done her no evil; nay, though I could almost say she bore me a kindly feeling. But such powers are only given by the Evil One; and the proof thereof is that, as you imply, Nattee would use them on those who offend her."

"And why should she not?" asked Faith, lifting her eyes, and flashing heavy fire out of them at the question.

"Because," said Lois, not seeing Faith's glance, "we are told to pray for them that despitefully use us, and to do good to them that persecute us. But poor Nattee is not a christened woman. I would that Mr. Nolan would baptize her; it would, maybe, take her out of the power of Satan's temptations."

"Are you never tempted?" asked Faith, half scornfully; "and yet I doubt not you were well baptized."

"True," said Lois, sadly. "I often do very wrong; but perhaps I might have done worse if the holy form had not been observed."

They were again silent for a time.

"Lois," said Faith, "I did not mean any offense. But do you never feel as if you would give up all that future life, of which the parsons talk, and which seems so vague and so distant, for a few years of real vivid blessedness to begin to-morrow—this hour, this minute? Oh, I could think of happiness for which I would willingly give up all those misty chances of heaven—"

"Faith, Faith!" cried Lois, in terror, holding her hand before her cousin's mouth, and looking around in fright. "Hush! you know not who may be listening; you are putting yourself in his power."

But Faith pushed her hand away, and said, "Lois, I believe in him no more than I believe in heaven. Both may exist, but they are so far away that I defy them. Why all this ado about Mr. Tappau's house—promise me never to tell living creature, and I will tell you a secret."

"No!" said Lois, terrified. "I dread all secrets. I will hear none. I will do all that I can for you, Cousin Faith, in any way; but just at this time I strive to keep my life and thoughts within the strictest bounds of godly simplicity, and I dread pledging myself to aught that is hidden and secret."

"As you will, cowardly girl, full of terrors, which, if you had listened to me, might have been lessened, if not entirely done away with." And Faith would not utter another word, though Lois tried meekly to entice her into conversation on some other subject.

The rumor of witchcraft was like the echo of thunder among the hills. It had broken out in Mr. Tappau's house, and his two little daughters were the first supposed to be bewitched; but round about, from every quarter of the town, came in accounts of sufferers by witchcraft. There was hardly a family without one of these supposed victims. Then arose a growl and menace of vengeance from many a household—menaces deepened, not daunted, by the terror and mystery of the suffering that gave rise to them.

At length a day was appointed when, after solemn fasting and prayer, Mr. Tappau invited the neighboring ministers and all godly people to assemble at his house, and unite with him in devoting a day to solemn religious services, and to supplication for the deliverance of his children, and those similarly afflicted, from the power of the Evil One. All Salem poured out toward the house of the minister. There was a look of excitement on all their faces; eagerness and horror was depicted on many a face, while stern resolution, amounting to determined cruelty, if the occasion arose, was seen on others.

In the midst of the prayer, Hester Tappau, the younger girl, fell into convulsions; fit after fit came on, and her screams mingled with the shrieks and cries of the assembled congregation. In the first pause, when the child was partially recovered, when the people stood around exhausted and breathless, her father, the Pastor Tappau, lifted his right hand, and adjured her, in the name of the Trinity, to say who tormented her. There was a dead silence; not a creature stirred of all those hundreds. Hester turned wearily and uneasily, and moaned out the name of Hota, her father's Indian servant. Hota was present, apparently as much interested as any one; indeed, she had been busying herself much in bringing remedies to the suffering child. But now she stood aghast, transfixed, while her name was caught up and shouted out in tones of reprobation and hatred by all the crowd around her. Another moment and they would have fallen upon the trembling creature and torn her limb from limb—pale, dusky, shivering Hota, half guilty-looking from her very bewilderment. But Pastor Tappau, that gaunt, gray man, lifting himself to his utmost height, signed to them to go back, to keep still while he addressed them; and then he told them that instant vengeance was not just, deliberate punishment; that there would be need of conviction, perchance of confession—he hoped for some redress for his suffering children from her revelations, if she were brought to confession. They must leave the culprit in his hands, and in those of his brother ministers, that they might wrestle with Satan before delivering her up to the civil power. He spoke well, for he spoke from the heart of a father seeing his children exposed to dreadful and mysterious suffering, and firmly believing that he now held the clew in his hand which should ultimately release them and their fellow-sufferers. And the congregation moaned themselves into unsatisfied submission, and listened to his long, passionate prayer, which he uplifted even while the hapless Hota stood there, guarded and bound by two men, who glared at her like blood-hounds ready to slip even while the prayer ended in the words of the merciful Saviour. Lois sickened and shuddered at the whole scene; and this was no intellectual shuddering at the folly and superstition of the people, but with tender moral shuddering at the sight of guilt which she believed in, and at the evidence of men's hatred and abhorrence, which, when shown even to the guilty, troubled and distressed her merciful heart. She followed her aunt and cousins out into the open air with downcast eyes and pale face. Grace Hickson was going home with a feeling of triumphant relief at the detection of the guilty one. Faith alone seemed uneasy and disturbed beyond her wont, for Manasseh received the whole transaction as the fulfillment of a prophecy, and Prudence was excited by the whole scene into a state of discordant high spirits.

"I am quite as old as Hester Tappau," said she; "her birthday is in September and mine in October."

"What has that to do with it?" said Faith, sharply.

"Nothing, only she seemed such a little thing for all those grave ministers to be praying for, and so many folk come from a distance—some from Boston they said—all for her sake, as it were. Why, didst thou see it was godly Mr. Henwick that held her head when she wriggled so, and old Madam Holbrook had herself helped upon a chair to see the better. I wonder how long I might wriggle before great and godly folk would take so much notice of me? But I suppose that comes of being a pastor's daughter. She'll be so set up there'll be no speaking to her now. Faith! thinkest thou that Hota really had bewitched her? She gave me corn-cakes the last time I was at Pastor Tappau's, just like any other woman, only, perchance, a trifle more good-natured; and to think of her being a witch after all!"

But Faith seemed in a hurry to reach home, and paid no attention to Prudence's talking. Lois hastened on with Faith, for Manasseh was walking alongside of his mother, and she kept steady to her plan of avoiding him, even though she pressed her company upon Faith, who had seemed of late desirous of avoiding her.

That evening the news spread through Salem that Hota had confessed her sin, had acknowledged that she was a witch. Nattee was the first to hear the intelligence. She broke into the room where the girls were sitting with Grace Hickson, solemnly doing nothing, because of the great prayer meeting in the morning, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy, mistress, every body! take care of poor Indian Nattee, who never do wrong, but for mistress and the family; Hota one bad wicked witch, she say so herself; oh, me! oh, me!" and stooping over Faith, she said something in a low, miserable tone of voice, of which Lois only heard the word "torture." But Faith heard all, and turning very pale, half accompanied, half led Nattee back to her kitchen. Presently, Grace Hickson came in. She had been out to see a neighbor; it will not do to say that so godly a woman had been gossiping; and, indeed, the subject of the conversation she had held was of too serious and momentous a nature for me to employ a light word to designate it. There was all the listening and repeating small details and rumors, in which the speakers have no concern, that constitutes gossiping; but in this instance, all trivial facts and speeches might be considered to bear such dreadful significance, and might have so ghastly an ending, that such whispers were occasionally raised to a tragic importance. Every fragment of intelligence that related to Mr. Tappau's household was eagerly snatched at; how his dog howled all one long night through, and could not be stilled; how his cow suddenly failed in her milk only two months after she had calved; how his memory had forsaken him one morning for a minute or two in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and he had even omitted a clause thereof in his sudden perturbation; and how all these forerunner's of his children's strange illness might now be interpreted and understood—this had formed the staple of the conversation between Grace Hickson and her friends. There had arisen a dispute among them at last as to how far these subjections to the power of the Evil One were to be considered as a judgment upon Pastor Tappau for some sin on his part; and if so, what? It was not an unpleasant discussion, although there was a good deal of difference of opinion; for as none of the speakers had had their families so troubled, it was rather a proof that they had none of them committed any sin. In the midst of all this talk, one, entering in from the street, brought the news that Hota had confessed all, had owned to signing a certain little red book which Satan had presented to her, had been present at impious sacraments, had ridden through the air to Newbury Falls, and, in fact, had assented to all the questions which the elders and magistrates, carefully reading over the confessions of the witches who had formerly been tried in England, in order that they might not omit a single inquiry, had asked of her. More she had owned to, but things of inferior importance, and partaking more of the nature of earthly tricks than of spiritual power. She had spoken of carefully adjusted strings, by which all the crockery in Pastor Tappau's house could be pulled down or disturbed; but of such intelligible malpractices the gossips of Salem took little heed. One of them said that such an action showed Satan's prompting, but they all preferred to listen to the grander guilt of the blasphemous sacraments and supernatural rides. The narrator ended with saying that she was to be hung the next morning, in spite of her confession, even although her life had been promised to her if she acknowledged her sin; for it was well to make an example of the first-discovered witch, and it was also well that she was an Indian, a heathen, whose life would be no great loss to the community. Grace Hickson on this spoke out. It was well that witches should perish off the face of the earth, Indian or English, heathen, or worse, a baptized Christian who had betrayed the Lord, even as Judas did, and had gone over to Satan. For her part, she wished that the first-discovered witch had been a member of a godly English household, that it might be seen of all men that religious folk were willing to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, if tainted with this devilish sin. She spoke sternly and well. The last comer said that her words might be brought to the proof, for it had been whispered that Hota had named others, and some among the most religious families of Salem, whom she had seen among the unholy communicants at the sacrament of the Evil One. And Grace replied that she would answer for it, all godly folk would stand the proof, and quench all natural affection rather than that such a sin should grow and spread among them. She herself had a weak bodily dread of witnessing the violent death even of an animal; but she would not let that deter her from standing among those who cast the accursed creature out from among them on the morrow morning.

Contrary to her wont, Grace Hickson told her family much of this conversation. It was a sign of her excitement on the subject that she thus spoke, and the excitement spread in different forms through her family. Faith was flushed and restless, wandering between the keeping-room and the kitchen, and questioning her mother particularly as to the more extraordinary parts of Hota's confession, as if she wished to satisfy herself that the Indian witch had really done those horrible and mysterious deeds.

Lois shivered and trembled with affright at the narration, and the idea that such things were possible. Occasionally she found herself wandering off into sympathetic thought for the woman who was to die, abhorred of all men, and unpardoned by God, to whom she had been so fearful a traitor, and who was now, at this very time—when Lois sat among her kindred by the warm and cheerful firelight, anticipating many peaceful—perchance happy—morrows—solitary, shivering, panic-stricken, guilty, with none to stand by her and exhort her, shut up in darkness between the cold walls of the town prison. But Lois almost shrank from sympathizing with so loathsome an accomplice of Satan, and prayed for forgiveness for her charitable thought; and yet, again, she remembered the tender spirit of the Saviour, and allowed herself to fall into piety, till at last all her sense of right and wrong became so bewildered that she could only leave all in God's hands, and just ask that He would take all creatures and all events into His hands.

Prudence was as bright as if she were listening to some merry story—curious as to more than her mother would tell her—seeming to have no particular terror of witches or witchcraft, and yet to be especially desirous to accompany her mother the next morning to the hanging. Lois shrank from the cruel, eager face of the young girl as she begged her mother to allow her to go. Even Grace was disturbed and perplexed by her daughter's pertinacity.

"No!" said she. "Ask me no more. Thou shalt not go. Such sights are not for the young. I go, and I sicken at the thoughts of it. But I go to show that I, a Christian woman, take God's part against the devil's. Thou shalt not go, I tell thee. I could whip thee for thinking of it."

"Manasseh says Hota was well whipped by Pastor Tappau ere she was brought to confession," said Prudence, as if anxious to change the subject of discussion.

Manasseh lifted up his head from the great folio Bible, brought by his father from England, which he was studying. He had not heard what Prudence said, but he looked up at the sound of his name. All present were startled at his wild eyes, his bloodless face. But he was evidently annoyed at the expression of their countenances.

"Why look ye at me in that manner?" asked he. And his manner was anxious and agitated. His mother made haste to speak:

"It was but that Prudence said something that thou hast told her—that Pastor Tappau defiled his hands by whipping the witch Hota. What evil thought has got hold of thee? Talk to us, and crack not thy skull against the learning of man."

"It is not the learning of man that I study: it is the word of God. I would fain know more of the nature of this sin of witchcraft, and whether it be, indeed, the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. At times I feel a creeping influence coming over me, prompting all evil thoughts and unheard-of deeds, and I question within myself, 'Is not this the power of witchcraft?' and I sicken and loathe all that I do or say, and yet some evil creature hath the mastery over me, and I must needs do and say what I loathe and dread. Why wonder you, mother, that I, of all men, strive to learn the exact nature of witchcraft, and for that end study the word of God? Have you not seen me when I was, as it were, possessed with a devil?"

He spoke calmly, sadly, but as under deep conviction. His mother rose to comfort him.

"My son," she said, "no one ever saw thee do deeds, or heard thee utter words, which any one could say were prompted by devils. We have seen thee, poor lad, with thy wits gone astray for a time, but all thy thoughts sought rather God's will in forbidden places, than lost the clew to them for one moment in hankering after the powers of darkness. Those days are long past; a future lies before thee. Think not of witches or of being subject to the power of witchcraft. I did evil to speak of it before thee. Let Lois come and sit by thee, and talk to thee."

Lois went to her cousin, grieved at heart for his depressed state of mind, anxious to soothe and comfort him, and yet recoiling more than ever from the idea of ultimately becoming his wife—an idea to which she saw her aunt reconciling herself unconsciously day by day, as she perceived the English girl's power of soothing and comforting her cousin, even by the very tones of her sweet cooing voice.

He took Lois's hand.

"Let me hold it. It does me good," said he. "Ah, Lois, when I am by you I forget all my troubles—will the day never come when you will listen to the voice that speaks to me continually?"

"I never hear it, Cousin Manasseh," she said, softly; "but do not think of the voices. Tell me of the land you hope to inclose from the forest—what manner of trees grow on it?"

Thus, by simple questions on practical affairs, she led him back, in her unconscious wisdom, to the subjects on which he had always shown strong practical sense. He talked on these with all due discretion till the hour for family prayer came round, which was early in those days. It was Manasseh's place to conduct it, as head of the family; a post which his mother had always been anxious to assign to him since her husband's death. He prayed extempore; and to-night his supplications wandered off into wild, unconnected fragments of prayer, which all those kneeling around began, each according to her anxiety for the speaker, to think would never end. Minutes elapsed, and grew to quarters of the hour, and his words grew only more emphatic and wilder, praying for himself alone, and laying bare the recesses of his heart. At length his mother rose, and taking Lois by the hand, for she had faith in Lois's power over her son, as being akin to that which the shepherd David playing on his harp had over the king Saul sitting on his throne. She drew her toward him, where he knelt facing into the circle, with his eyes upturned, and the tranced agony of his face depicting the struggle of the troubled soul within.

"Here is Lois," said Grace, almost tenderly; "she would fain go to her chamber." (Down the girl's face the tears were streaming.) "Rise, and finish thy prayer in thy closet."

But at Lois's approach he sprang to his feet, sprang aside.

"Take her away, mother. Lead me not into temptation. She brings me evil and sinful thoughts. She overshadows me, even in the presence of my God. She is no angel of light, or she would not do this. She troubles me with the sound of a voice bidding me marry her, even when I am at my prayers. Avaunt! Take her away!"

He would have struck at Lois if she had not shrunk back, dismayed and affrighted. His mother, although equally dismayed, was not affrighted. She had seen him thus before; and understood the management of his paroxysm.

"Go, Lois! the sight of thee irritates him, as once that of Faith did. Leave him to me."

And Lois rushed away to her room, and threw herself on her bed like a panting, hunted creature. Faith came after her, slowly and heavily.

"Lois," said she, "wilt thou do me a favor? It is not much to ask. Wilt thou arise before daylight, and bear this letter from me to Pastor Nolan's lodgings? I would have done it myself, but mother has bidden me to come to her, and I may be detained until the time when Hota is to be hung; and the letter tells of matters pertaining to life and death. Seek out Pastor Nolan wherever he may be, and have speech of him after he has read the letter."

"Can not Nattee take it?" asked Lois.

"No!" Faith answered, fiercely. "Why should she?"

But Lois did not reply. A quick suspicion darted through Faith's mind sudden as lightning. It had never entered there before.

"Speak, Lois. I read thy thoughts. Thou wouldst fain not be the bearer of this letter?"

"I will take it," said Lois, meekly. "It concerns life and death, you say?"

"Yes!" said Faith, in quite a different tone of voice. But, after a pause of thought, she added, "Then as soon as the house is still I will write what I have to say, and leave it here, on this chest; and thou wilt promise me to take it before the day is fully up, while there is yet time for action."

"Yes! I promise," said Lois. And Faith knew enough of her to feel sure that the deed would be done, however reluctantly.

The letter was written—laid on the chest; and, ere day dawned, Lois was astir. Faith watching her from between her half-closed eyelids—eyelids that had never been fully closed in sleep the livelong night. The instant Lois, cloaked and hooded, left the room, Faith sprang up, and prepared to go to her mother, whom she heard already stirring. Nearly every one in Salem was awake and up on this awful morning, though few were out of doors, as Lois passed along the streets. Here was the hastily-erected gallows, the black shadow of which fell across the street with ghastly significance; now she had to pass the iron-barred jail, through the unglazed windows of which she heard the fearful cry of a woman, and the sound of many footsteps. On she sped, sick almost to faintness, to the widow woman's where Mr. Nolan lodged. He was already up and abroad, gone, his hostess believed, to the jail. Thither Lois, repeating the words "for life and for death!" was forced to go. Retracing her steps, she was thankful to see him come out of those dismal portals, rendered more dismal for being in heavy shadow, just as she approached. What his errand had been she knew not; but he looked grave and sad, as she put Faith's letter into his hands, and stood before him quietly waiting until he should read it, and deliver the expected answer. But, instead of opening it, he held it in his hand, apparently absorbed in thought. At last he spoke aloud, but more to himself than to her:

"My God! and is she then to die in this fearful delirium? It must be—can be—only delirium that prompts such wild and horrible confessions! Mistress Barclay, I come from the presence of the Indian woman appointed to die. It seems she considered herself betrayed last evening by her sentence not being respited, even after she had made confession of sin enough to bring down fire from heaven; and it seems to me the passionate, impotent anger of this helpless creature has turned to madness, for she appalls me by the additional revelations she has made to the keepers during the night—to me this morning. I could almost fancy that she thinks, by deepening the guilt she confesses, to escape this last dread punishment of all, as if, were one tithe of what she says true, one could suffer such a sinner to live. Yet to send her to death in such a state of mad terror! What is to be done?"

"Yet Scripture says that we are not to suffer witches in the land," said Lois, slowly.

"True; I would but ask for a respite till the prayers of God's people had gone up for His mercy. Some would pray for her, poor wretch as she is. You would, Mistress Barclay, I am sure?" But he said it in a questioning tone.

"I have been praying for her in the night many a time," said Lois, in a low voice. "I pray for her in my heart at this moment; I suppose they are bidden to put her out of the land, but I would not have her entirely God-forsaken. But, Sir, you have not read my cousin's letter. And she bade me bring back an answer with much urgency."

Still he delayed. He was thinking of the dreadful confession he came from hearing. If it were true, the beautiful earth was a polluted place, and he almost wished to die to escape from such pollution into the white innocence of those who stood in the presence of God.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Lois's pure, grave face, upturned and watching his. Faith in earthly goodness came over his soul in that instant, "and he blessed her unaware."

He put his hand on her shoulder with an action half paternal—although the difference in their ages was not above a dozen years—and, bending a little toward her, whispered half to himself, "Mistress Barclay, I thank you; you have done me good."

"I," said Lois, half affrighted, "I done you good! How?"

"By being what you are. But perhaps I should rather thank God, who sent you at the very moment when my soul was so disquieted."

At this instant they were aware of Faith standing in front of them, with a countenance of thunder. Her angry look made Lois feel guilty. She had not enough urged the pastor to read his letter, she thought; and it was indignation at this delay in what she had been commissioned to do with the urgency of life or death, that made her cousin lower at her so from beneath her straight black brows. Lois explained how she had not found Mr. Nolan at his lodgings, and had had to follow him to the door of the jail. But Faith replied, with obdurate contempt,

"Spare thy breath, Cousin Lois. It is easy seeing on what pleasant matters thou and the Pastor Nolan were talking. I marvel not at thy forgetfulness. My mind is changed. Give me back my letter, Sir! it was about a poor matter—an old woman's life. And what is that compared to a young girl's love?"

Lois heard but for an instant; did not understand that her cousin, in her jealous anger, could suspect the existence of such a feeling as love between her and Mr. Nolan. No imagination as to its possibility had ever entered her mind; she had respected him, almost revered him—nay, had liked him as the probable husband of Faith. At the thought that her cousin could believe her guilty of such treachery her grave eyes dilated and fixed themselves on the flaming countenance of Faith. That serious, unprotesting manner of perfect innocence must have told on her accuser, had it not been that at the same instant the latter caught sight of the crimsoned and disturbed countenance of the pastor, who felt the vail rent off the unconscious secret of his heart. Faith snatched her letter out of his hands, and said,

"Let the witch hang! What care I? She has done harm enough with her charms and her sorcery on Pastor Tappau's girls. Let her die, and let all other witches look to themselves; for there be many kinds of witchcraft abroad. Cousin Lois, thou wilt like best to stop with Pastor Nolan, or I would pray thee to come back with me to breakfast."

Lois was not to be daunted by jealous sarcasm. She held out her hand to Pastor Nolan, determined to take no heed of her cousin's mad words, but to bid him farewell in her accustomed manner. He hesitated before taking it, and when he did, it was with a convulsive squeeze that almost made her start. Faith waited and watched all with set lips and vengeful eyes. She bade no farewell; she spake no word; but grasping Lois tightly by the back of the arm, she almost drove her before her down the street till they reached their home.

The arrangement for the morning was this: Grace Hickson and her son Manasseh were to be present at the hanging of the first witch executed in Salem, as pious and godly heads of a family. All the other members were strictly forbidden to stir out until such time as the low-tolling bell announced that all was over in this world for Hota, the Indian witch. When the execution was ended, there was to be a solemn prayer meeting of all the inhabitants of Salem; ministers had come from a distance to aid by the efficacy of their prayers in these efforts to purge the land of the devil and his servants. There was reason to think that the great old meeting-house would be crowded, and when Faith and Lois reached home, Grace Hickson was giving her directions to Prudence, urging her to be ready for an early start to that place. The stern old woman was troubled in her mind at the anticipation of the sight she was to see before many minutes were over, and spoke in a more hurried and incoherent manner than was her wont. She was dressed in her Sunday best; but her face was very gray and colorless, and she seemed afraid to cease speaking about household affairs for fear she should have time to think. Manasseh stood by her, perfectly, rigidly still; he also was in his Sunday clothes. His face, too, was paler than its wont, but it wore a kind of absent, rapt expression almost like that of a man who sees a vision. As Faith entered, still holding Lois in her fierce grasp, Manasseh started and smiled; but still dreamily. His manner was so peculiar, that even his mother stayed her talking to observe him more closely; he was in that state of excitement which usually ended in what his mother and certain of her friends esteemed a prophetic revelation. He began to speak, at first very low, and then his voice increased in power:

"How beautiful is the land of Beulah, far over the sea, beyond the mountains! Thither the angels carry her, lying back in their arms like one fainting. They shall kiss away the black circle of death, and lay her down at the feet of the Lamb. I hear her pleading there for those on earth who consented to her death. Oh, Lois, pray also for me, pray for me, miserable!"

When he uttered his cousin's name all their eyes turned toward her. It was to her that his vision related! She stood among them, amazed, awe-stricken, but not like one affrighted or dismayed. She was the first to speak.

"Dear friends, do not think of me; his words may or may not be true. I am in God's hands all the same, whether he have the gift of prophecy or not. Besides, hear you not that I end where all would fain end. Think of him and of his needs. Such times as these always leave him exhausted and weary when he comes out of them.'

And she busied herself in cares for his refreshment, aiding her aunt's trembling hands to set before him the requisite food, as he now sat tired and bewildered, gathering together with difficulty his scattered senses.

Prudence did all she could to assist and speed their departure. But Faith stood apart, watching in silence with her passionate, angry eyes.

As soon as they had gone on their solemn, fatal errand, Faith left the room. She had not tasted food or touched drink. Indeed, they all felt sick at heart. As soon as her sister had gone up stairs Prudence sprang to the settle on which Lois had thrown down her cloak and hood.

"Lend me your muffles and mantle, Cousin Lois. I never yet saw a woman hanged, and I see not why I should not go. I will stand on the edge of the crowd; no one will know me, and I will be home long before my mother."

"No!" said Lois, "that may not be. My aunt would be sore displeased. I wonder at you, Prudence, seeking to witness such a sight." And as she spoke she held fast her cloak, which Prudence vehemently struggled for.

Faith returned, brought back possibly by the sound of the struggle. She smiled—a deadly smile.

"Give it up, Prudence. Strive no more with her. She has bought success in this world, and we are but her slaves."

"Oh, Faith!" said Lois, relinquishing her hold of the cloak, and turning round with passionate reproach in her look and voice, "what have I done that you should speak so of me—you that I have loved as I think one loves a sister?"

Prudence did not lose her opportunity, but hastily arrayed herself in the mantle, which was too large for her, and which she had, therefore, considered as well adapted for concealment; but as she went toward the door her feet became entangled in the unusual length, and she fell, bruising her arm pretty sharply.

"Take care another time how you meddle with a witch's things," said Faith, as one scarcely believing her own words, but at enmity with all the world in her bitter jealousy of heart. Prudence rubbed her arm and looked stealthily at Lois.

"Witch Lois! Witch Lois!" said she at last, softly, pulling a childish face of spite at her.

"Oh hush, Prudence! Do not bandy such terrible words. Let me look at thine arm. I am sorry for thy hurt, only glad that it has kept thee from disobeying thy mother."

"Away, away!" said Prudence, springing from her. "I am afeard of her in very truth, Faith. Keep between me and the witch, or I will throw a stool at her."

Faith smiled—it was a bad and wicked smile—but she did not stir to calm the fears she had called up in her young sister. Just at this moment the bell began to toll. Hota, the Indian witch, was dead. Lois covered her face with her hands. Even Faith went a deadlier pale than she had been, and said, sighing, "Poor Hota! But death is best."

Prudence alone seemed unmoved by any thoughts connected with the solemn, monotonous sound. Her only consideration was that now she might go out into the street and see the sights, and hear the news, and escape from the terror which she felt at the presence of her cousin. She flew up stairs to find her own mantle, ran down again, and past Lois, before the English girl had finished her prayer, and was speedily mingled among the crowd going to the meeting-house. There, also, Faith and Lois came in due course of time, but separately, not together. Faith so evidently avoided Lois that she, humbled and grieved, could not force her company upon her cousin, but loitered a little behind, the quiet tears stealing down her face, shed for the many causes that had occurred this morning.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FRANKLIN.

THE Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift,
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they've gone.
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on.

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead:
And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharmed the wild deer run,
To graze along the strand:
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce wotting if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh—
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God: brave FRANKLIN'S place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to Heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant FRANKLIN died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved Captain's pain.

But though in death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterward resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastile, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired; but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these, my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage-door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

"'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage-door. They were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe every thing exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. . . .

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterward when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft foot-path, in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it with his heavy riding-glove across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked) I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a Noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing, and in moving the scarf aside the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say, 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"'She has a husband, a father, and a brother?'

"'A brother.'

"'I do not address her brother?'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"'She has some recent association with the number twelve?'

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock?'

"'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

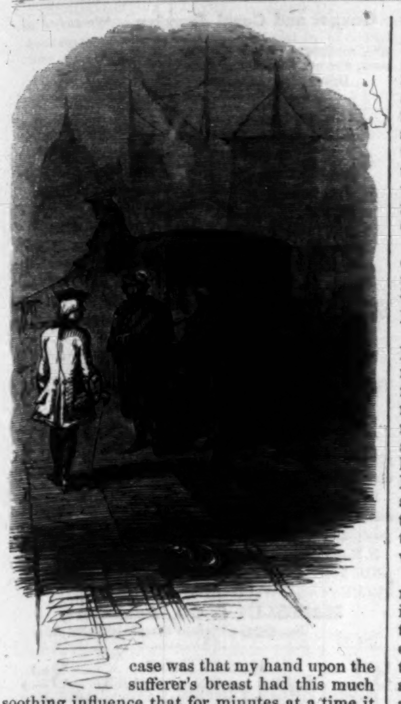
"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. . . . .

"I opened some of the bottles, smelled them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use any thing save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"'Do you doubt them?' asked the younger brother.

"'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the



case was that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence that for minutes at a time it tranquilized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

“For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

“‘There is another patient.’

“I was startled, and asked, ‘Is it a pressing case?’

“‘You had better see,’ he carelessly answered; and took up a light. . . . . .

“The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastile, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

“On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was as I kneeled on one knee over him; but I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

“‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me examine it.’

“‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered; ‘let it be.’

“It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

“‘How has this been done, monsieur?’ said I.

“‘A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman.’

“There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

“The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

“‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She— Have you seen her?’

“The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

“I said, ‘I have seen her.’

“‘She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too—a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.’

“It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

“‘We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!’

“I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

“‘Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her to make her willing?’

“The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see even in this Bastile; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment and passionate revenge.

“‘You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.’

“Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

“‘Then, with that man's permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?’

“The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

“‘She heard me and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.’

“My glance had fallen but a few moments before on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

“‘Now lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?’

“‘He is not here,’ I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

“‘He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him.’

“I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

“‘Marquis,’ said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, ‘in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.’

“Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. . . . . .

“When I returned to the bedside of the young woman I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

“I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, ‘My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!’

“This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

“It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

“‘Is she dead?’ asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

“‘Not dead,’ said I; ‘but like to die.’

“‘What strength there is in these common bodies!’ he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

“‘There is prodigious strength,’ I answered him, ‘in sorrow and despair.’

“He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice:

“‘Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen and not spoken of.’

“I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

“‘Do you honor me with your attention, Doctor?’

“‘Monsieur,’ said I, ‘in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence.’ I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

“Her breathing was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. . . . .

“I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an under-ground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

“She lingered for a week. Toward the last I could understand some few syllables that she said to me by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

“I had no opportunity of asking her any question until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

“I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

“My patient died two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

“The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

“‘At last she is dead?’ said the elder, when I went in.

“‘She is dead,’ said I.

“‘I congratulate you, my brother,’ were his words as he turned round.

“He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

“‘Pray excuse me,’ said I. ‘Under the circumstances, no.’

“They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. . . . . .

“I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I can not read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

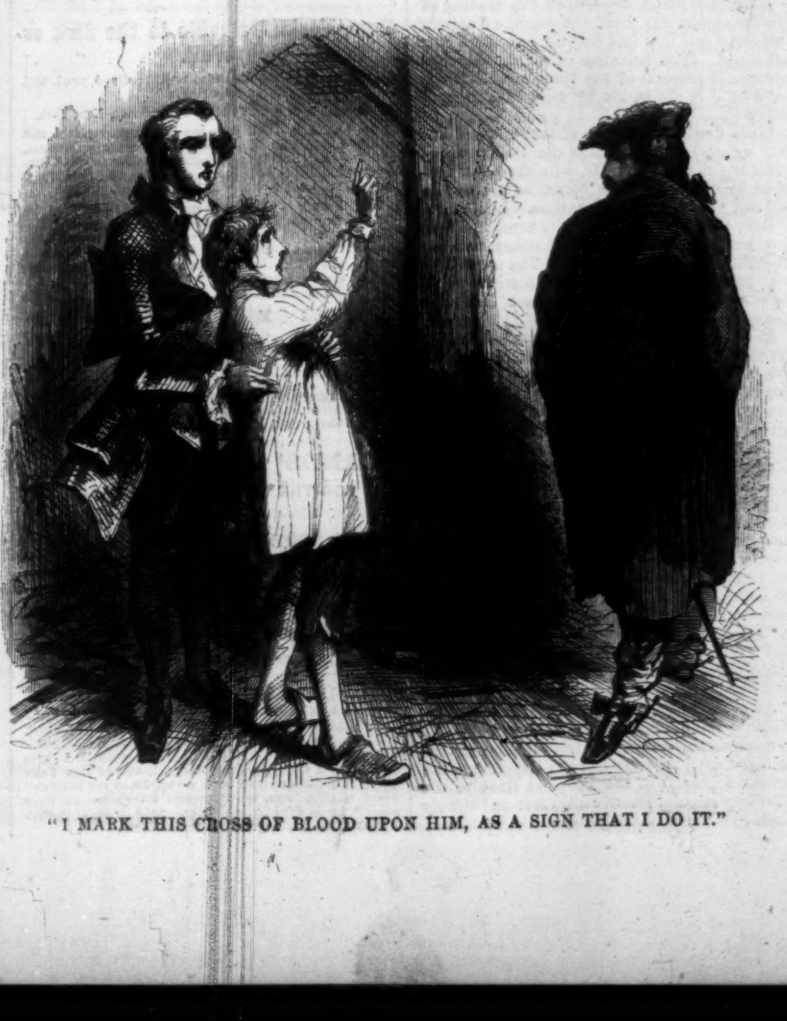
“Early in the morning the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided that day to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

“I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. . . . . .

“I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

“The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

“My memory is still accurate, but I can not write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven



"I MARK THIS CROSS OF BLOOD UPON HIM, AS A SIGN THAT I DO IT."

from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. . . . .

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, toward nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, up stairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—oh my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me; he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased GOD to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do, this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastile memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematized by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity, and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore, when the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervor, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

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